

R. GOSCINNY **Asterix** A. UDERZO

Asterix *and* the **MISSING SCROLL**

Written by Jean-Yves FERRI

Illustrated by Didier CONRAD



GOSCINNY AND UDERZO

PRESENT

An Asterix Adventure

ASTERIX AND THE MISSING SCROLL

Written by JEAN-YVES FERRI

Illustrated by DIDIER CONRAD

Translated by ANTHEA BELL



Colour by THIERRY MÉBARKI

Orion

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ORION CHILDREN'S BOOKS

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1 3 5 7 9 10 8 6 4 2

ASTERIX*-OBELIX*

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THE YEAR IS 50 BC. GAUL IS ENTIRELY OCCUPIED BY THE ROMANS. WELL, NOT ENTIRELY ... ONE SMALL VILLAGE OF INDOMITABLE GAULS STILL HOLDS OUT AGAINST THE INVADERS. AND LIFE IS NOT EASY FOR THE ROMAN LEGIONARIES WHO GARRISON THE FORTIFIED CAMPS OF TOTORUM, AQUARIUM, LAUDANUM AND COMPENDIUM ...



ASTERIX, THE HERO OF THESE ADVENTURES. A SHREWD, CUNNING LITTLE WARRIOR, ALL PERILOUS MISSIONS ARE IMMEDIATELY ENTRUSTED TO HIM. ASTERIX GETS HIS SUPERHUMAN STRENGTH FROM THE MAGIC POTION BREWED BY THE DRUID GETAFIX . . .



OBELIX, ASTERIX'S INSEPARABLE FRIEND. A MENHIR DELIVERY MAN BY TRADE, ADDICTED TO WILD BOAR. OBELIX IS ALWAYS READY TO DROP EVERYTHING AND GO OFF ON A NEW ADVENTURE WITH ASTERIX - SO LONG AS THERE'S WILD BOAR TO EAT, AND PLENTY OF FIGHTING. HIS CONSTANT COMPANION IS DOGMATIX, THE ONLY KNOWN CANINE ECOLOGIST, WHO HOWLS WITH DESPAIR WHEN A TREE IS CUT DOWN.



GETAFIX, THE VENERABLE VILLAGE DRUID, GATHERS MISTLETOE AND BREWS MAGIC POTIONS. HIS SPECIALITY IS THE POTION WHICH GIVES THE DRINKER SUPERHUMAN STRENGTH. BUT GETAFIX ALSO HAS OTHER RECIPES UP HIS SLEEVE . . .



CACOFONIX, THE BARD. OPINION IS DIVIDED AS TO HIS MUSICAL GIFTS. CACOFONIX THINKS HE'S A GENIUS. EVERYONE ELSE THINKS HE'S UNSPEAKABLE. BUT SO LONG AS HE DOESN'T SPEAK, LET ALONE SING, EVERYBODY LIKES HIM . . .



FINALLY, VITALSTATISTIX, THE CHIEF OF THE TRIBE. MAJESTIC, BRAVE AND HOT-TEMPERED, THE OLD WARRIOR IS RESPECTED BY HIS MEN AND FEARED BY HIS ENEMIES. VITALSTATISTIX HIMSELF HAS ONLY ONE FEAR, HE IS AFRAID THE SKY MAY FALL ON HIS HEAD TOMORROW. BUT AS HE ALWAYS SAYS, TOMORROW NEVER COMES.

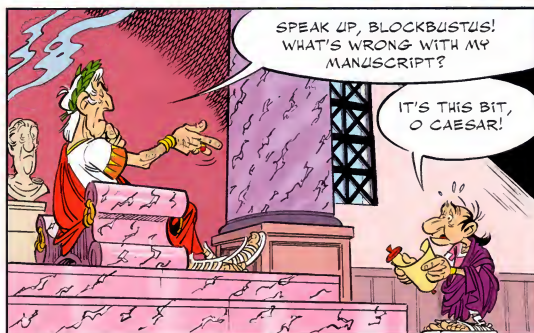
OUR STORY BEGINS IN JULIUS CAESAR'S PALACE IN ROME, JUST AS CAESAR HIMSELF IS RECEIVING HIS ADVISER AND PUBLISHER, THE ELOQUENT LIBELLUS BLOCKBUSTUS ...

COMMENTARIES ON THE WAR WITH THE GAULS. NOW THERE'S A SNAPPY TITLE, O CAESAR! I FORESEE A RUNAWAY SUCCESS!



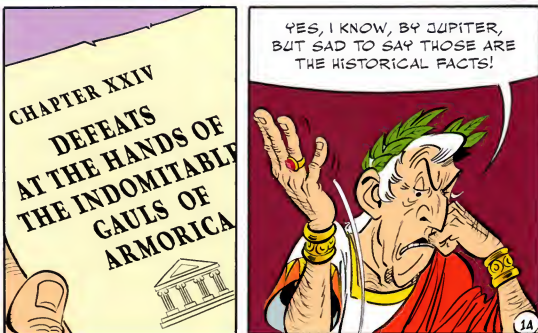
SPEAK UP, BLOCKBUSTUS! WHAT'S WRONG WITH MY MANUSCRIPT?

IT'S THIS BIT, O CAESAR!



CHAPTER XXIV
DEFEATS
AT THE HANDS OF
THE INDOMITABLE
GAULS OF
ARMORICA

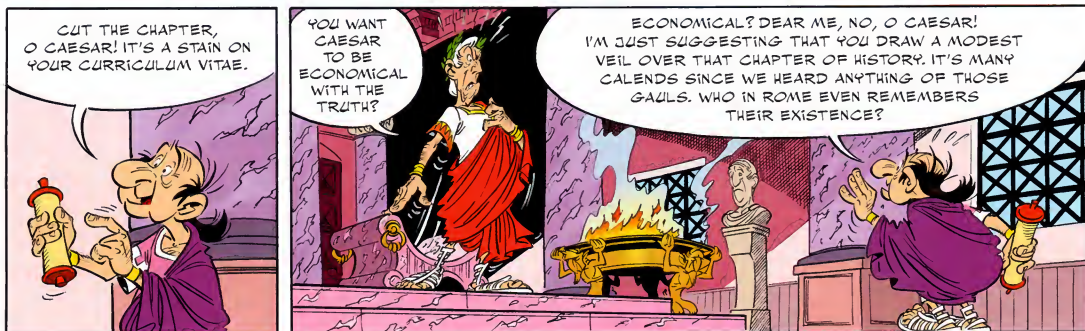
YES, I KNOW, BY JUPITER, BUT SAD TO SAY THOSE ARE THE HISTORICAL FACTS!



CUT THE CHAPTER, O CAESAR! IT'S A STAIN ON YOUR CURRICULUM VITAE.

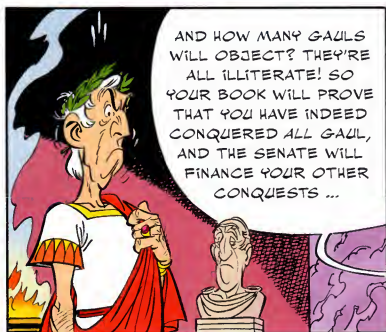
YOU WANT CAESAR TO BE ECONOMICAL WITH THE TRUTH?

ECONOMICAL? DEAR ME, NO, O CAESAR! I'M JUST SUGGESTING THAT YOU DRAW A MODEST VEIL OVER THAT CHAPTER OF HISTORY. IT'S MANY CALENDIS SINCE WE HEARD ANYTHING OF THOSE GAULS. WHO IN ROME EVEN REMEMBERS THEIR EXISTENCE?



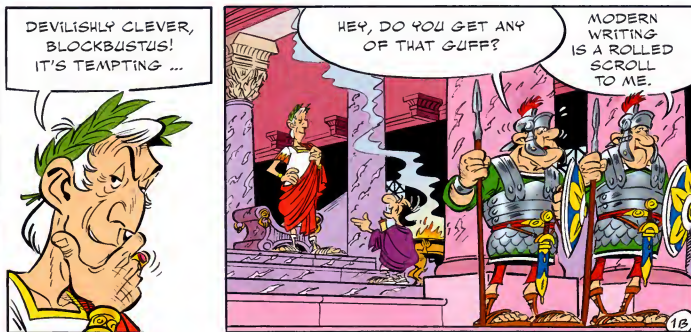
AND HOW MANY GAULS WILL OBJECT? THEY'RE ALL ILLITERATE! SO YOUR BOOK WILL PROVE THAT YOU HAVE INDEED CONQUERED ALL GAUL, AND THE SENATE WILL FINANCE YOUR OTHER CONQUESTS ...

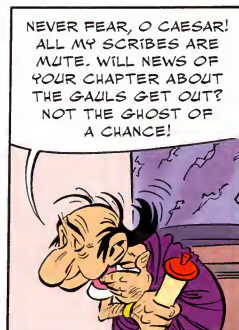
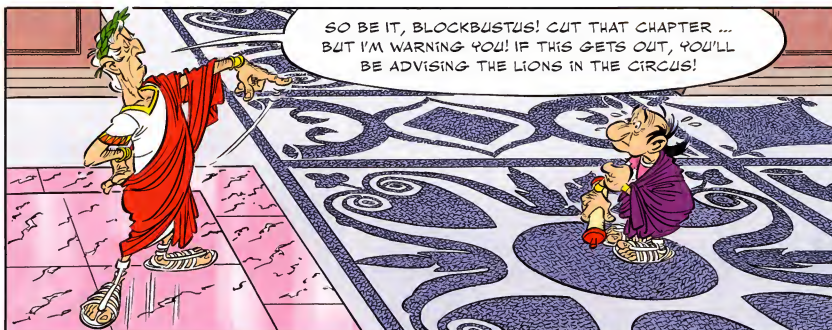
DEVILISHLY CLEVER, BLOCKBUSTUS! IT'S TEMPTING ...



HEY, DO YOU GET ANY OF THAT GUFF?

MODERN WRITING IS A ROLLED SCROLL TO ME.





THE MUTE NUMIDIAN SCRIBES* ARE LET INTO THE SECRET AT ONCE, AND ALL COPIES OF THE CHAPTER ARE SEIZED ...



PROTESTS FALL ON DEAF EARS. A MUTE SCRIBE HAS NO VOICE IN THE MATTER.



BUT ONE OF THEM, BIGDATHA, ESCAPES WITH A COPY OF THE CHAPTER ...



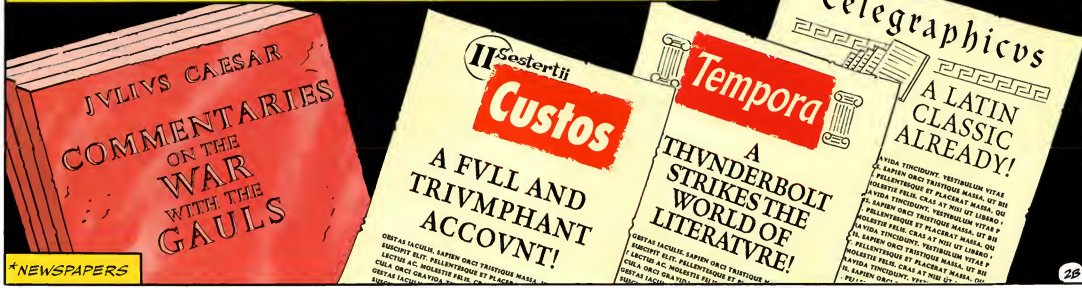
... LEAVING THE GUARDS ON DUTY HIGH AND DRY.



I'M PARCHED. WE NEED A HUMIDIFIER!



WE KNOW THE REST: CAESAR'S BOOK, IN ITS EXPURGATED VERSION, IS A HUGE HIT. THE ACTA DIURNA* OF ROME ALL AGREE ...



SOME TIME LATER, IN PEACEFUL ARMORICA, WHERE NEWS FROM ROME IS SELDOM HEARD AND DOES NOT SEEM HALF AS INTERESTING ...

OH, GOOD, MY CONDATUM ECHO. THANKS, POSTALDISTRIX!

FU

3A

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WHAT NEWS, WIFIX?

OH, NOTHING EARTH-SHATTERING. 'ROME: CAESAR'S BOOK PUBLISHED ...

CAESAR CAN WRITE? I THOUGHT HE WAS A SOLDIER ...

'A TRIUMPH! FIFTY COPIES SOLD ALREADY!'

A BOOK? I HEARD ABOUT THAT AT THE FAIR ...

WHAT WILL THOSE ROMANS THINK UP NEXT?

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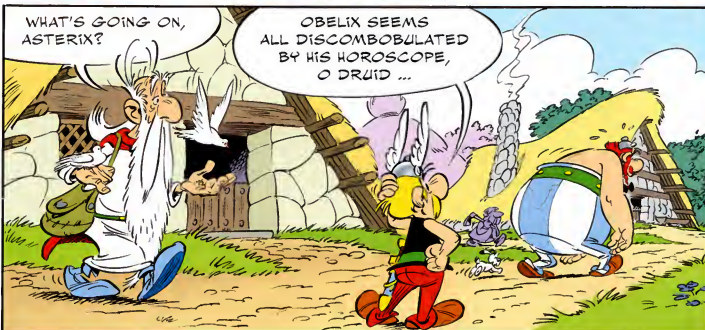
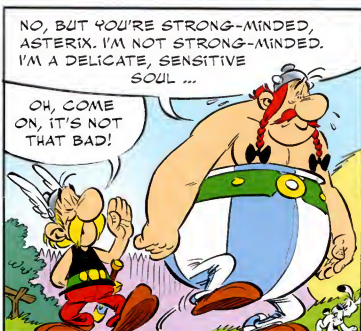
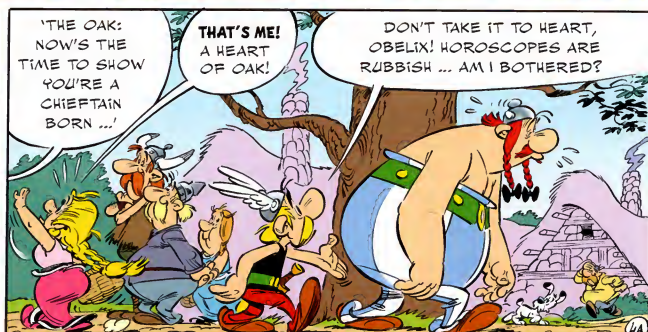
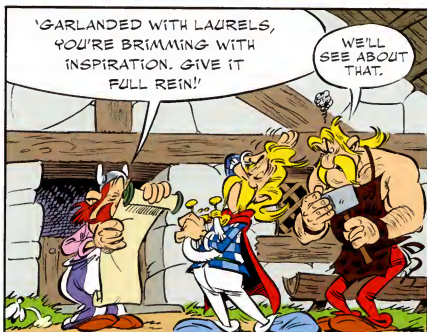
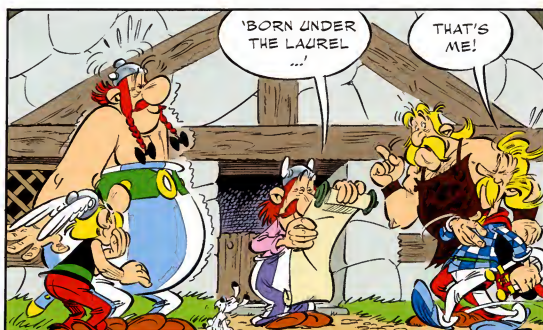
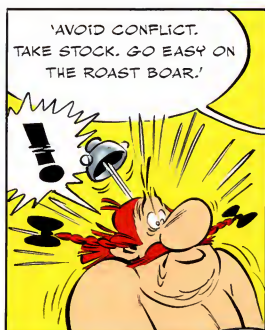
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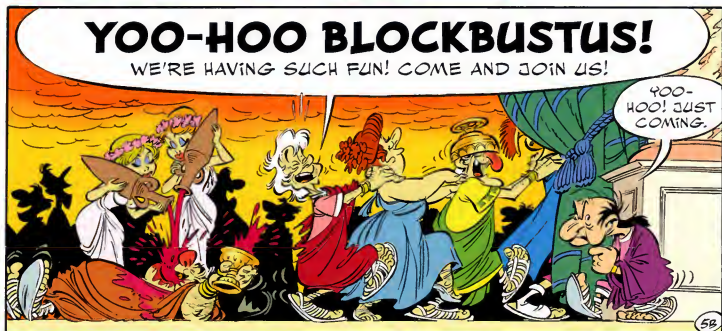
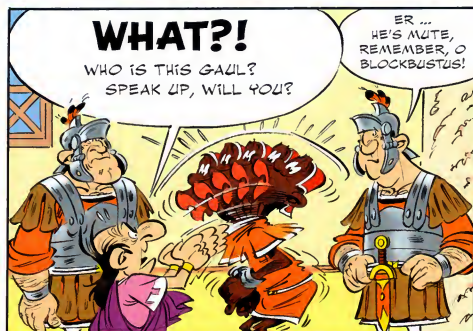
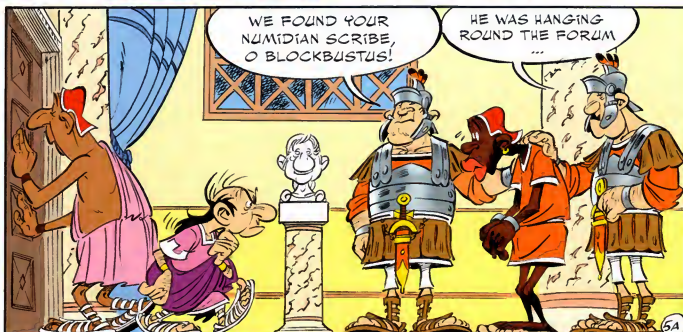
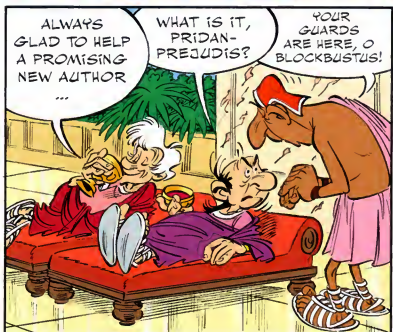
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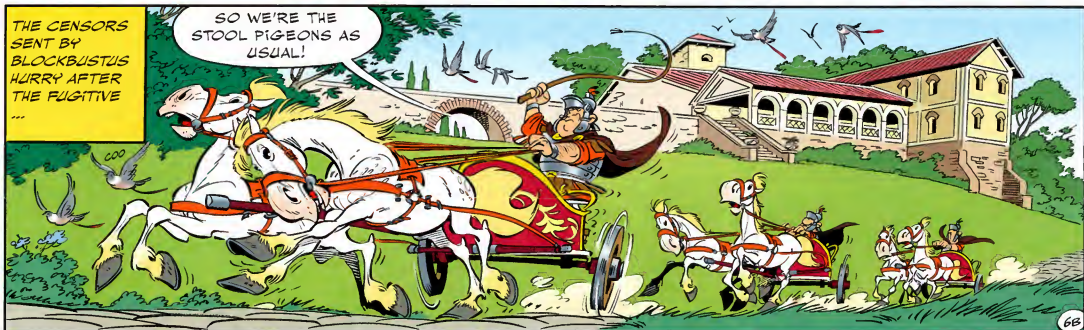
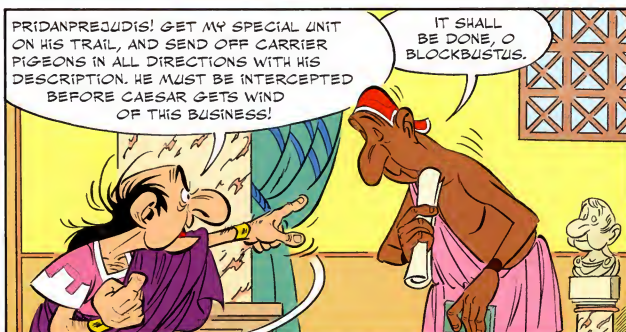
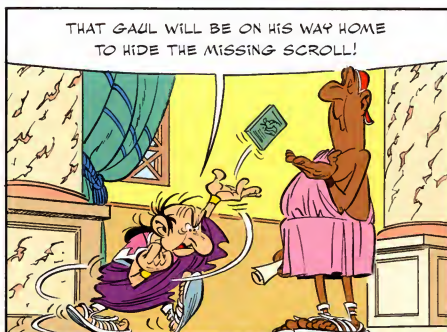
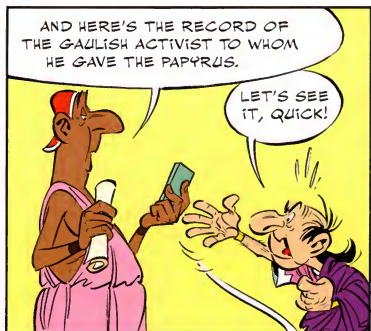
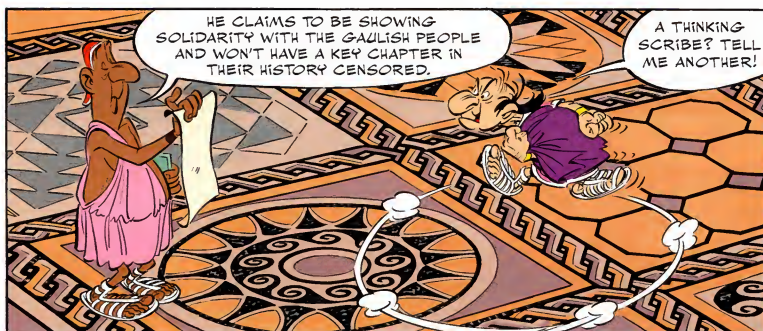
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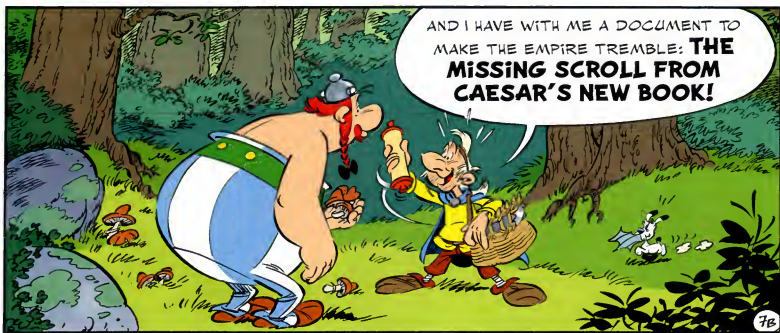
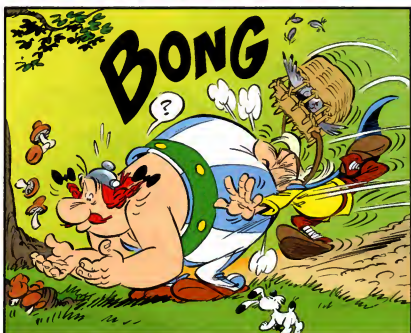
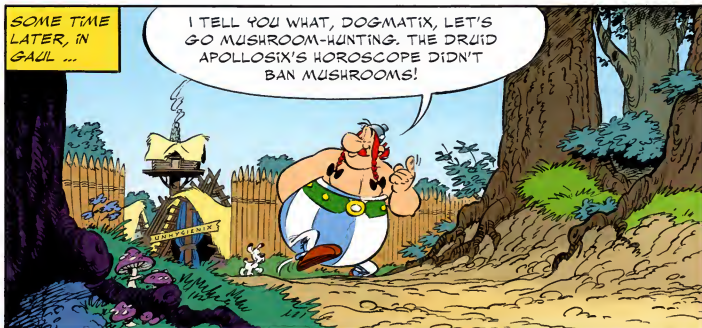
WHAT WILL THOSE ROMANS THINK UP NEXT?

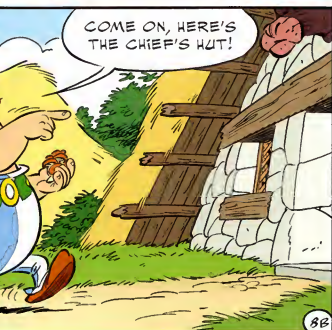
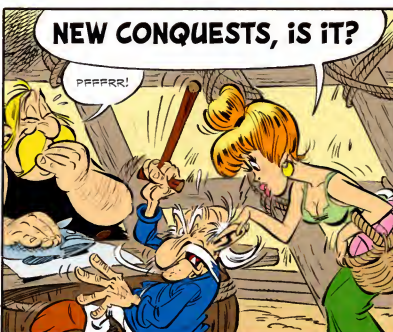
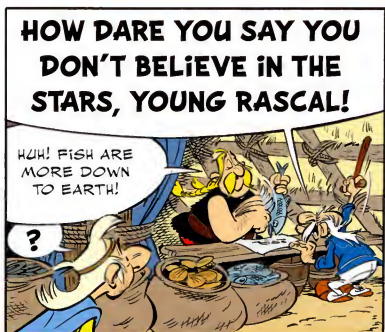
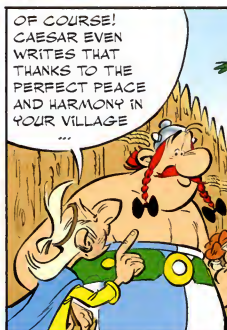
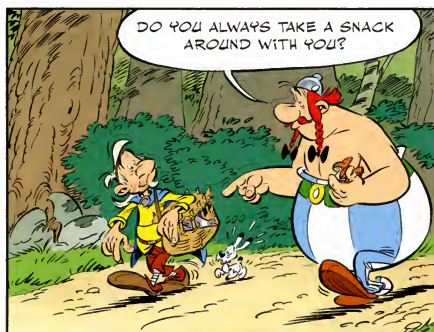
TAP! TAP! TAP!





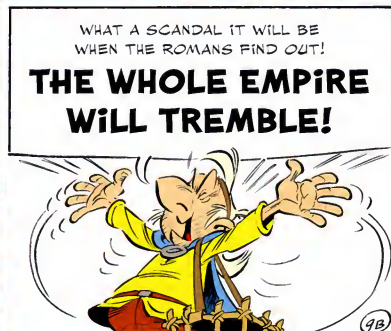


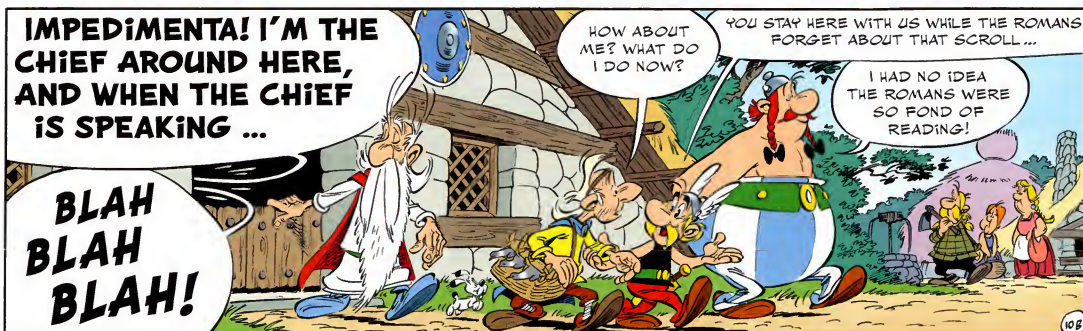
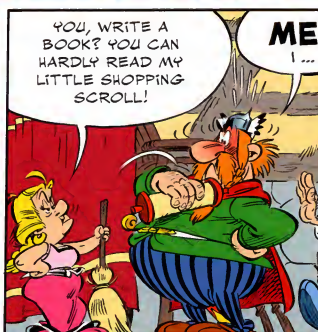
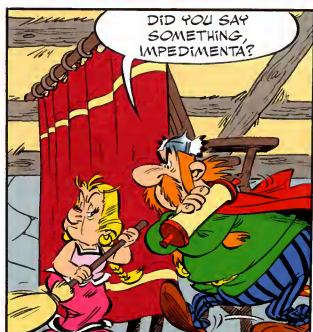
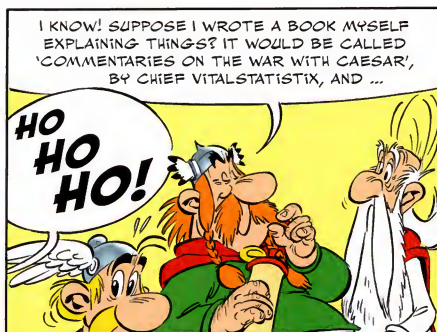
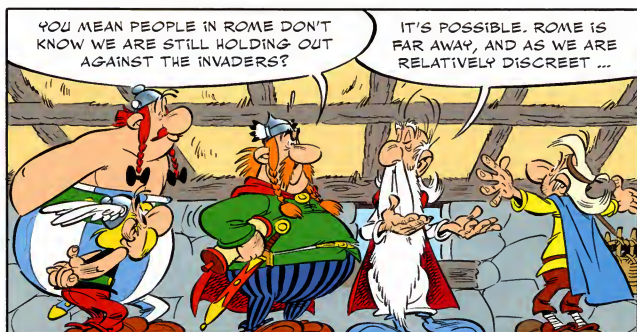


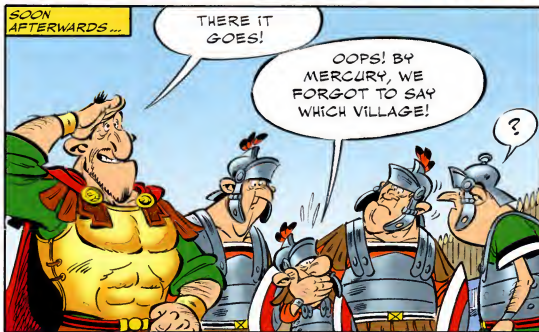
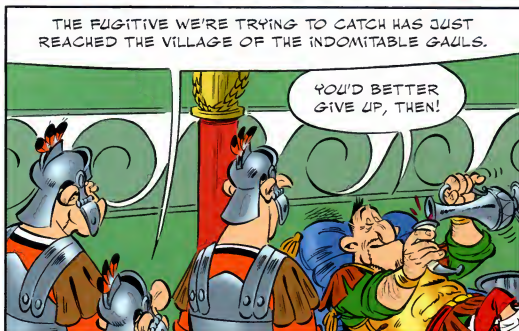
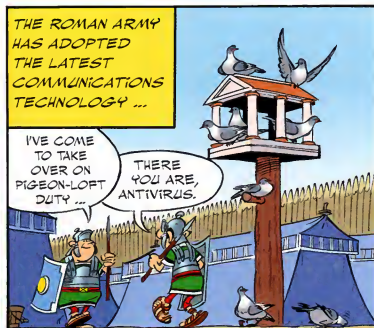
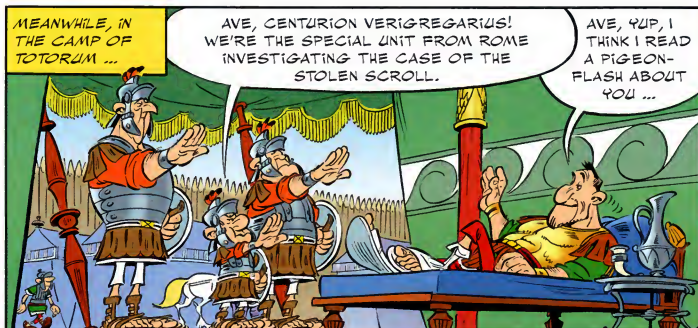




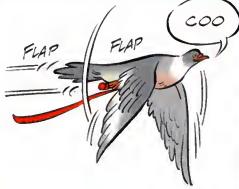
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CHIEFTAIN'S SHIELD
IBERIAN HOSTAGE
TUOUS CONVULVUS
IONS OF THE GODS
CORSICA







THE TIME HAS COME TO SAY A LITTLE ABOUT THIS MODERN METHOD OF COMMUNICATION ...



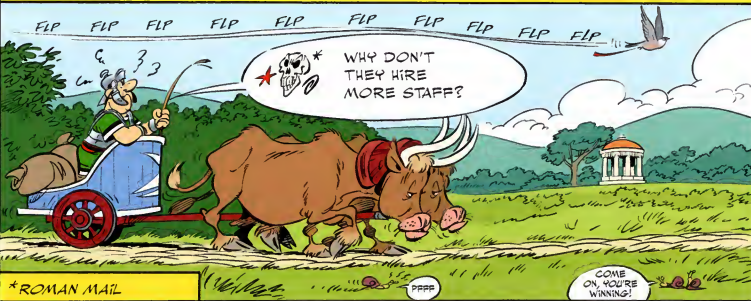
THE CARRIER PIGEON REACHES A STAGING POINT ...



... WHERE ITS MESSAGE IS TAKEN OVER BY ANOTHER PIGEON ...

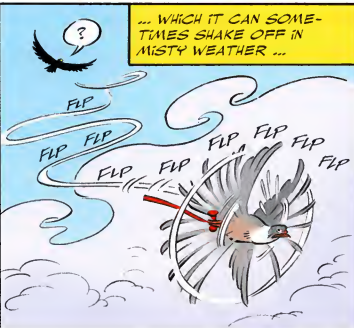
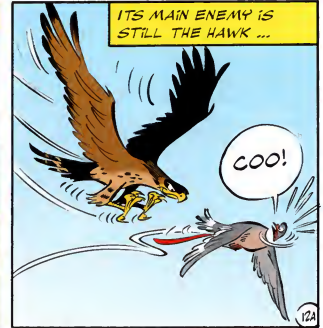


... THIS VERY RELIABLE SYSTEM IS REPLACING THE MUCH SLOWER 'CURSUS PUBLICUS'*



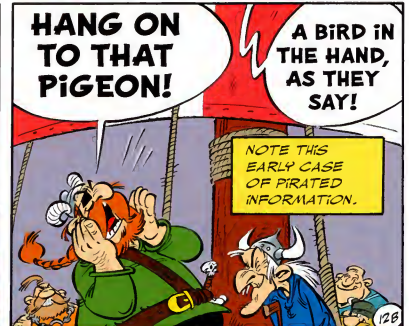
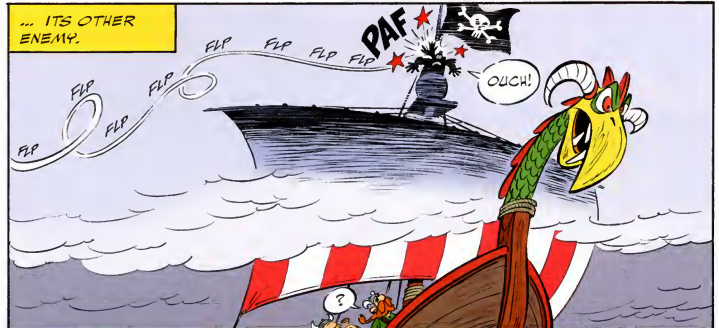
*ROMAN MAIL

ITS MAIN ENEMY IS STILL THE HAWK ...

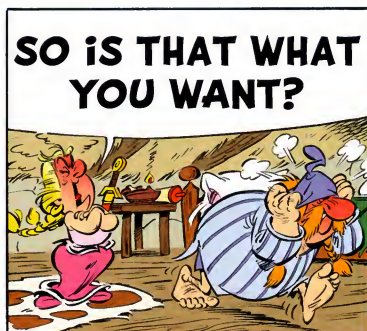
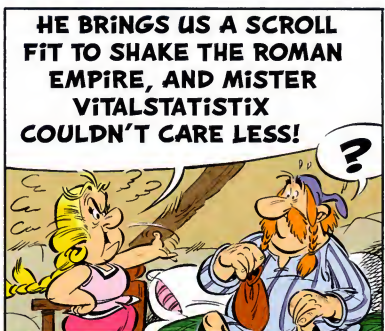
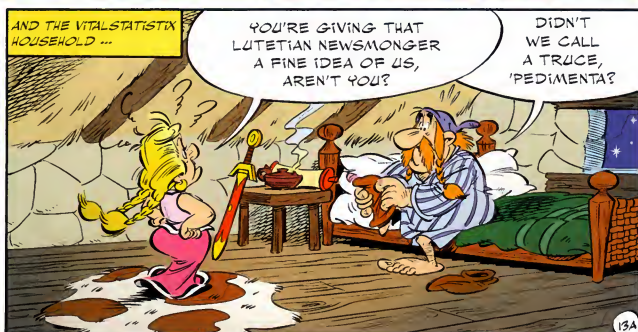
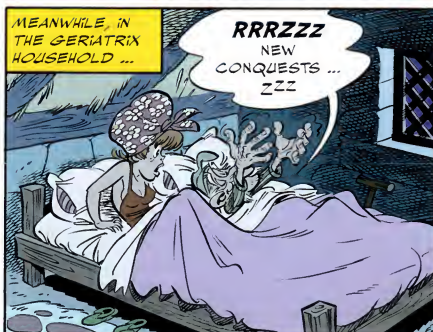
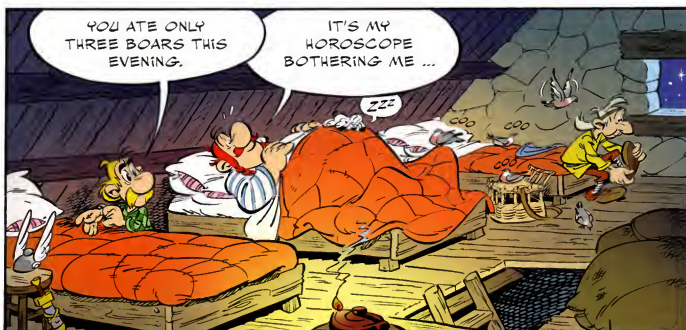
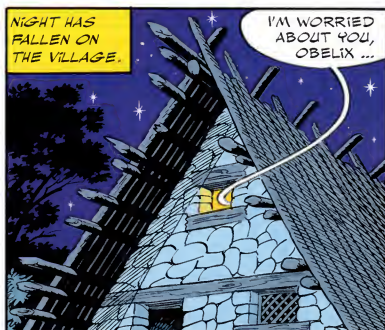


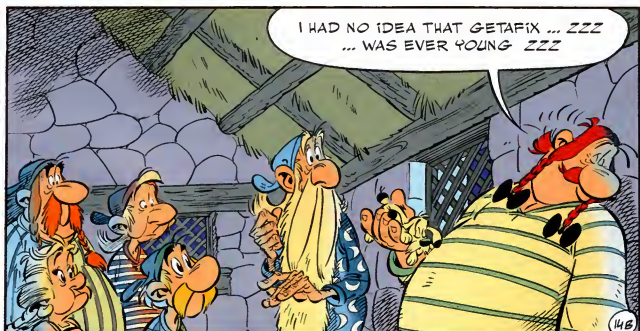
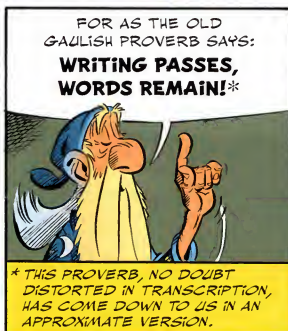
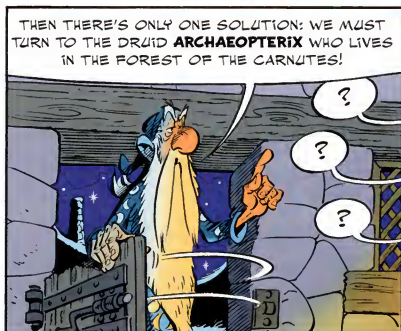
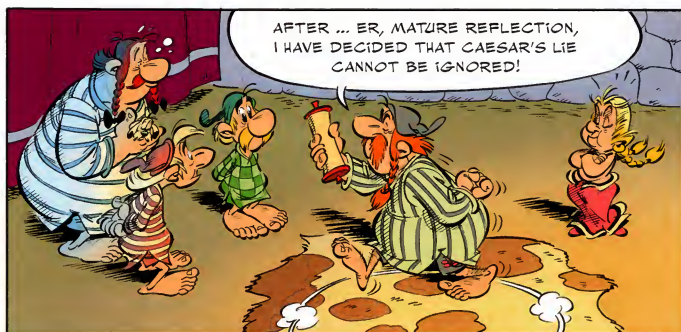
... WHICH IT CAN SOMETIMES SHAKE OFF IN MISTY WEATHER ...

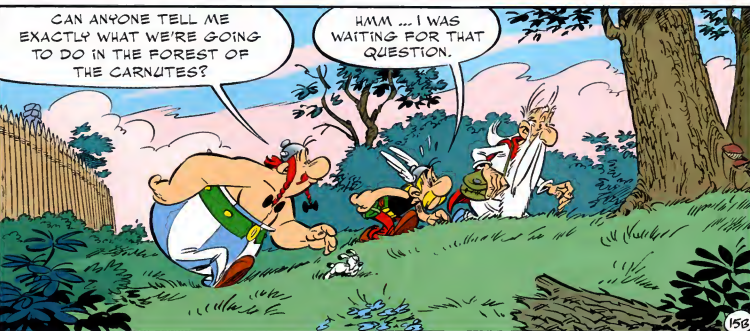
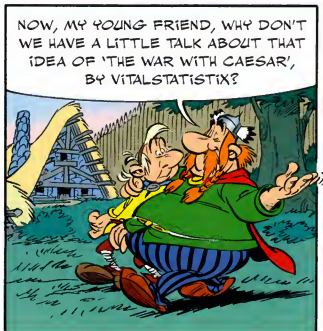
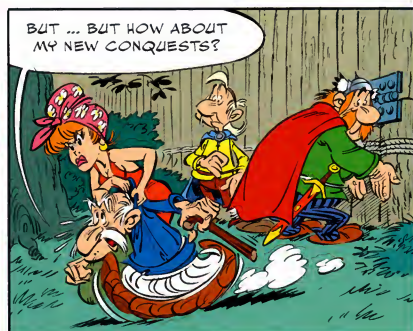
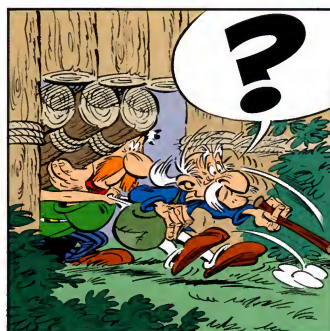
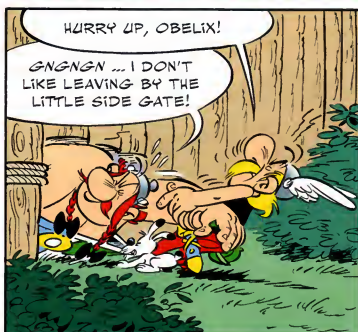
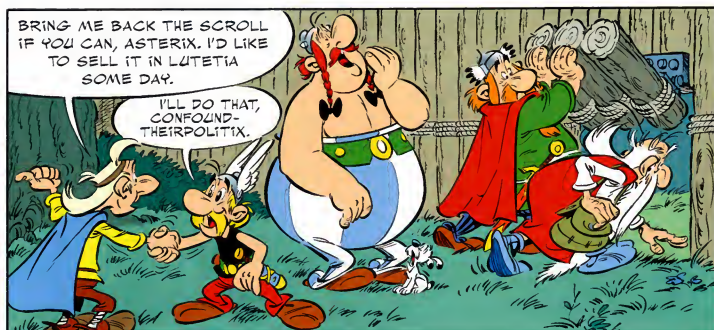
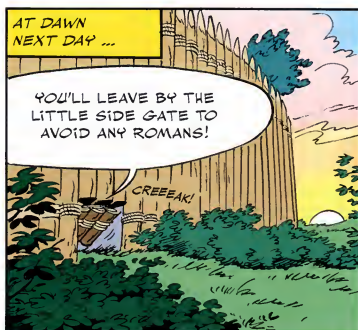
... ITS OTHER ENEMY.

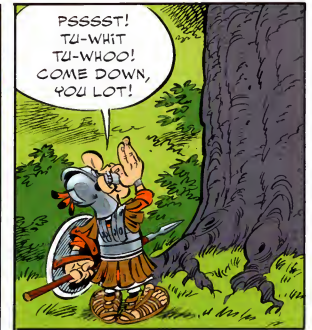
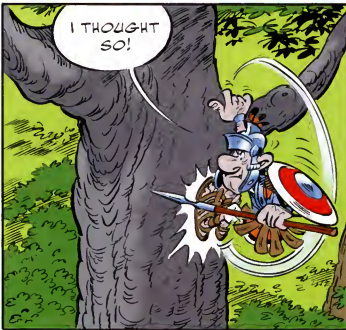
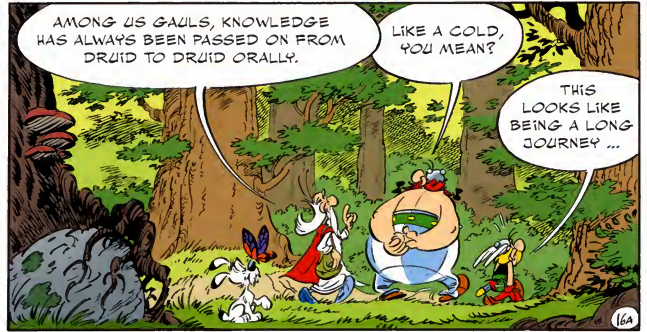
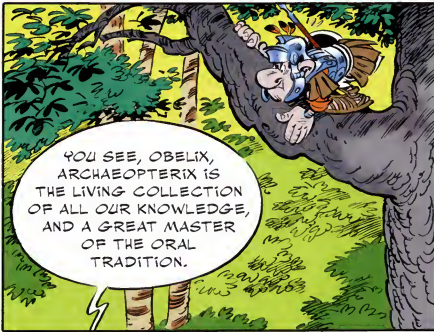
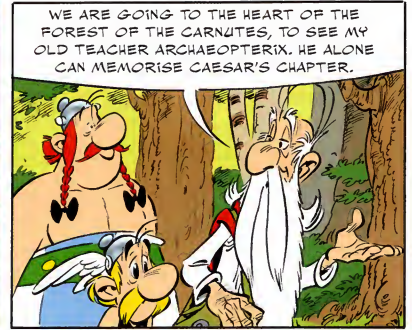
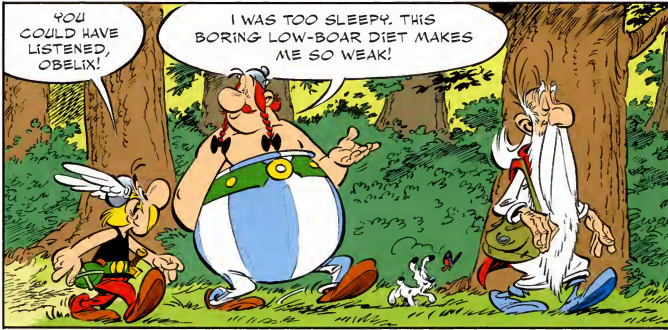


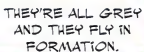
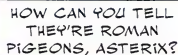
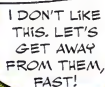
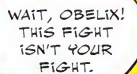
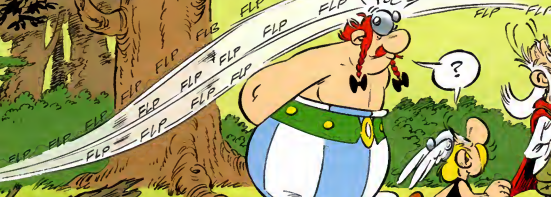
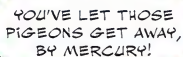
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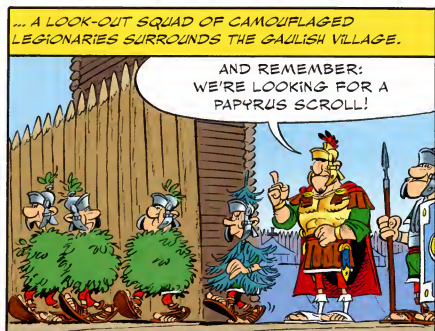


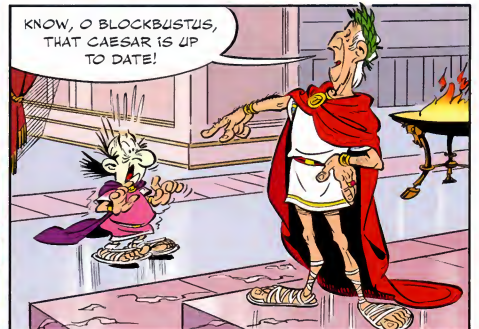
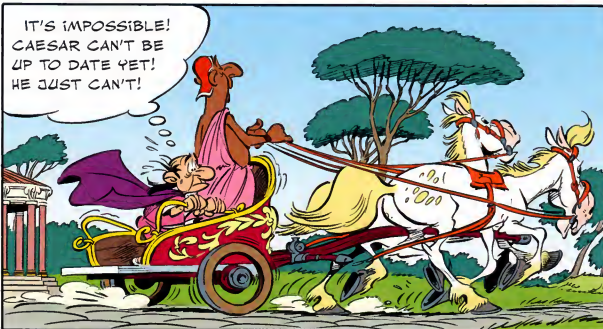
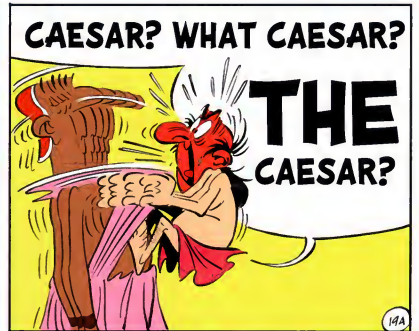
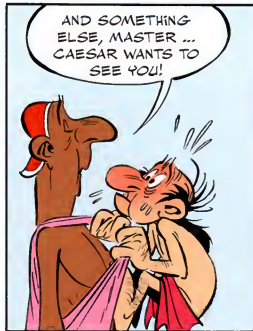
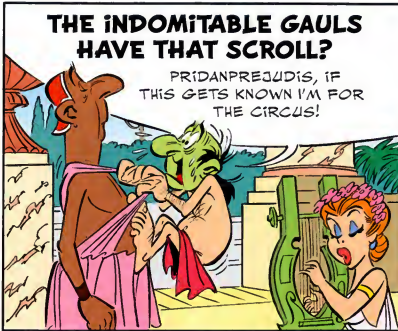
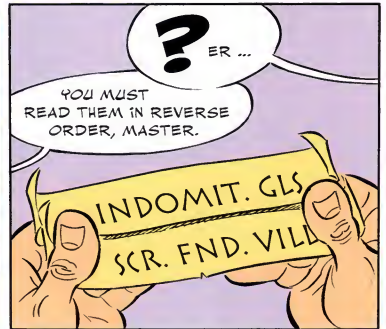


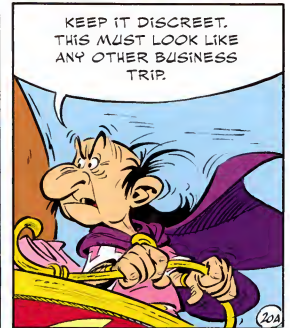
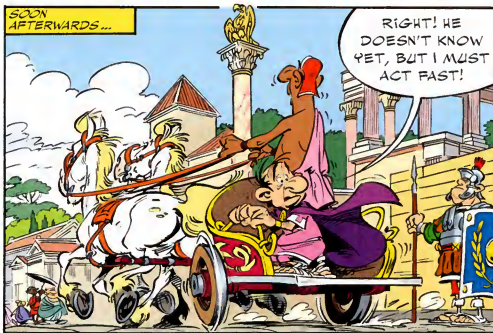
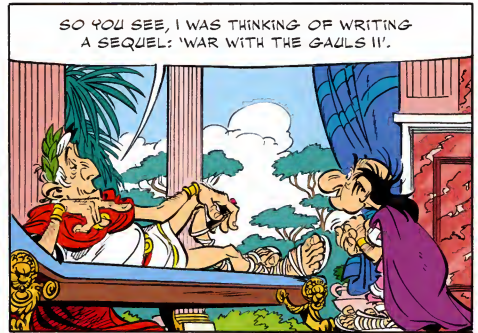
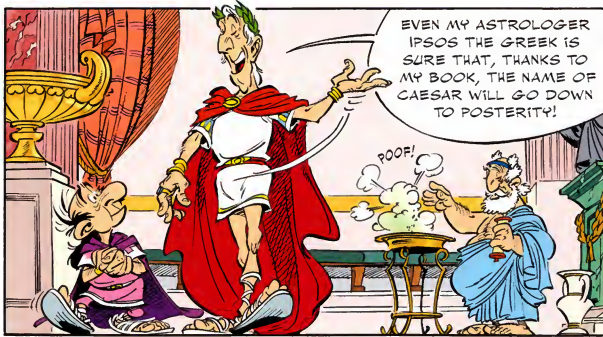


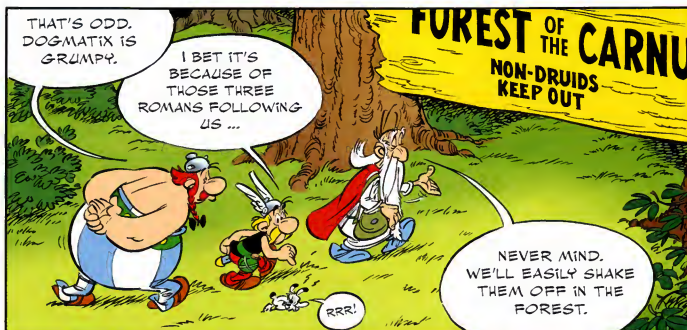
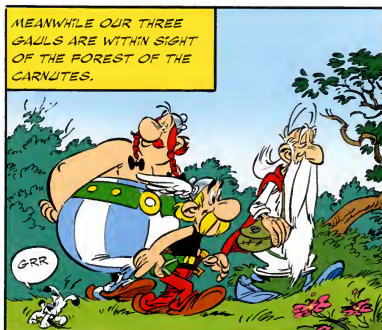


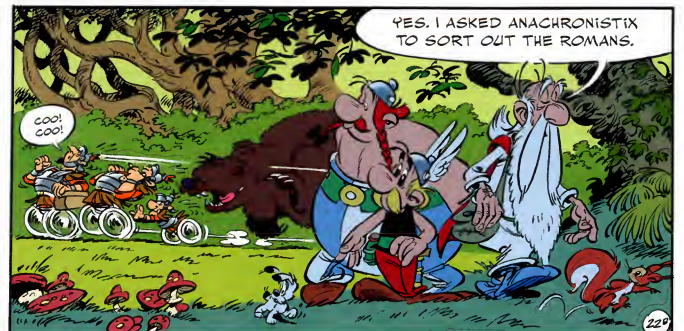
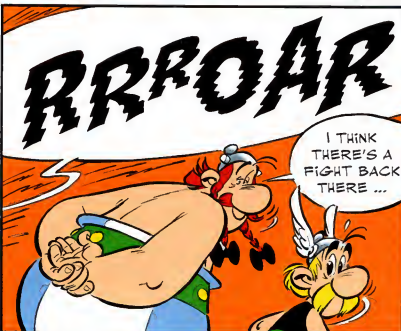
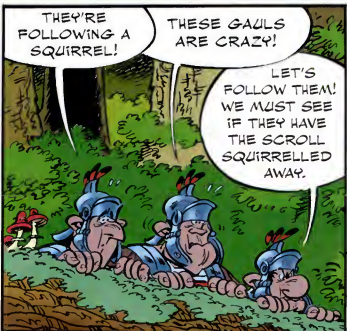
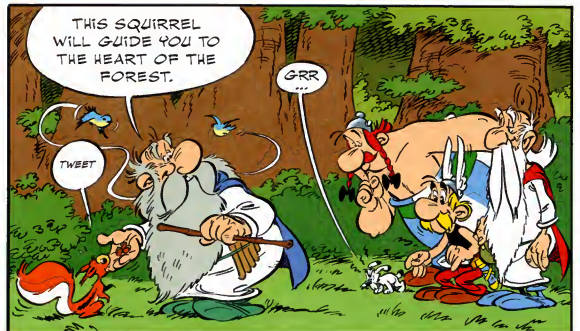
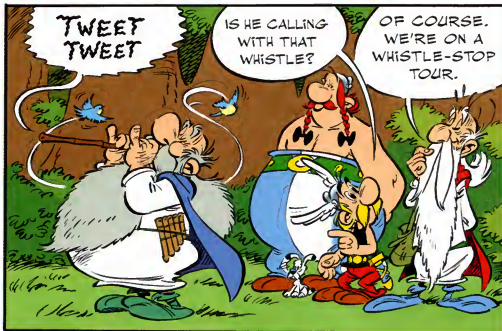


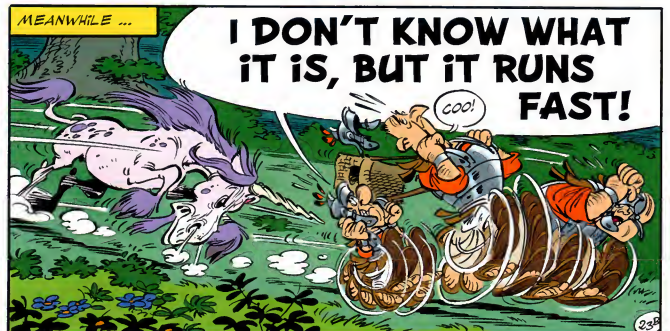
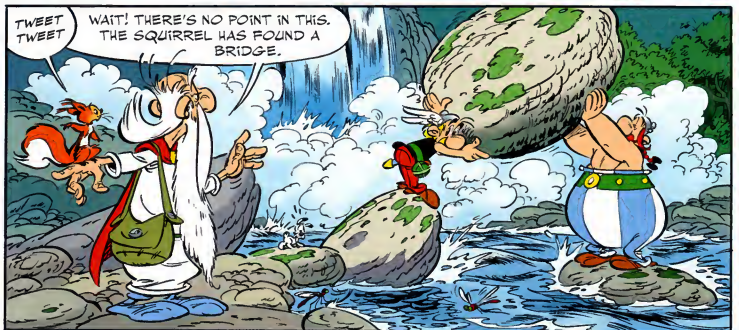
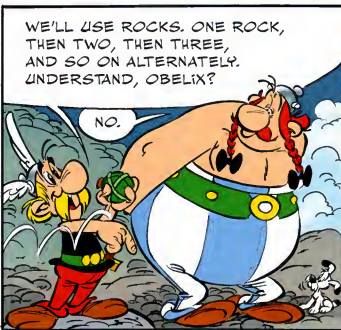
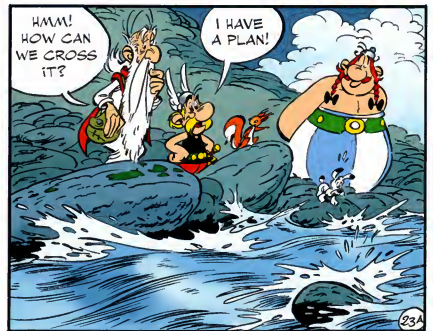
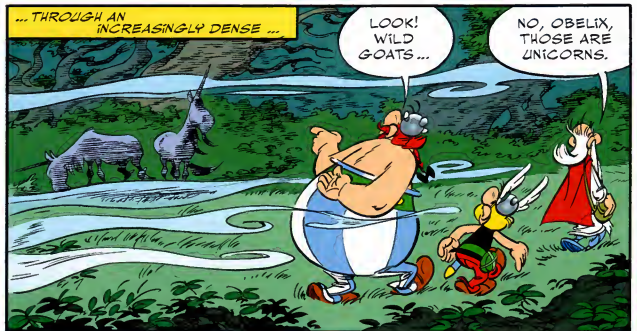
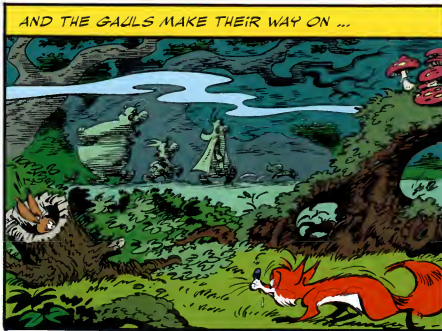


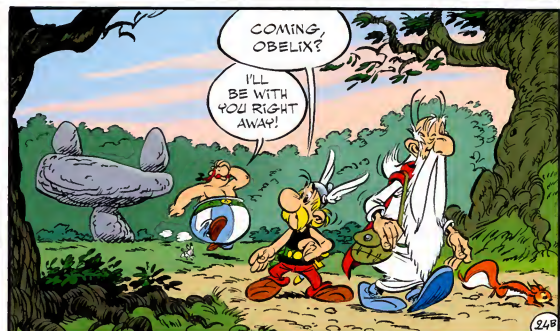
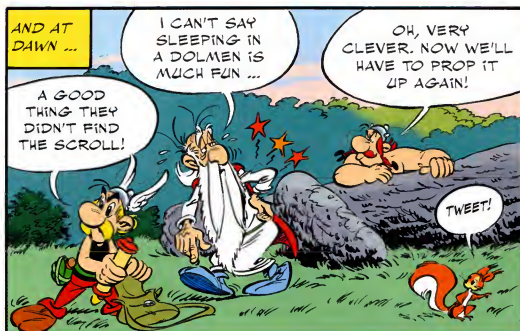
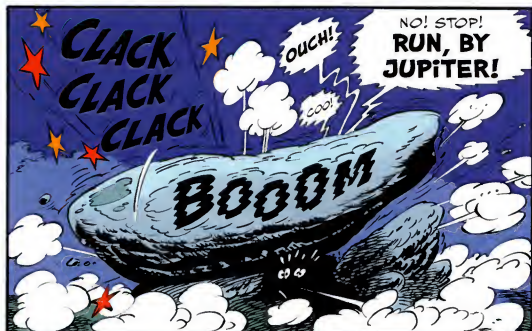
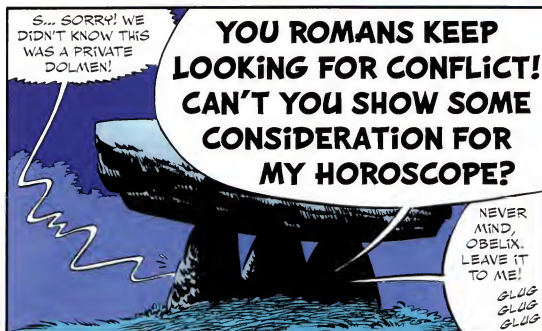
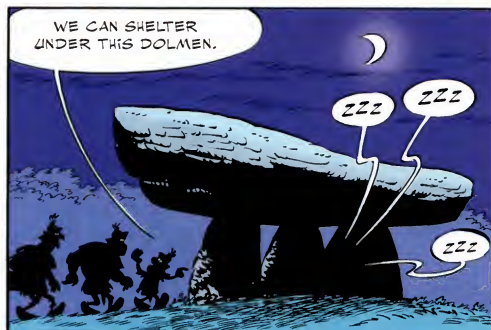
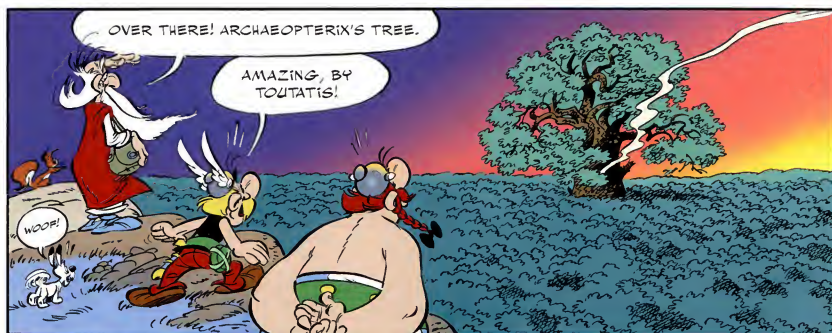


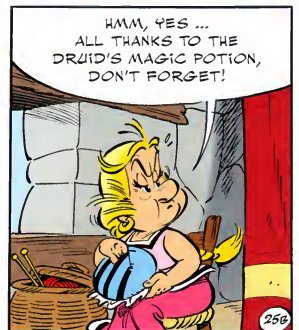
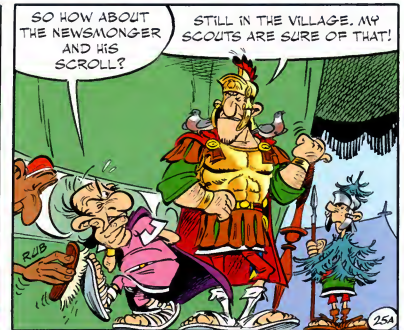
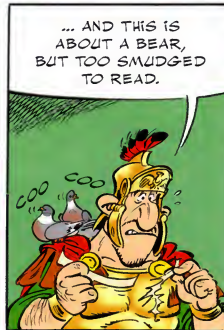
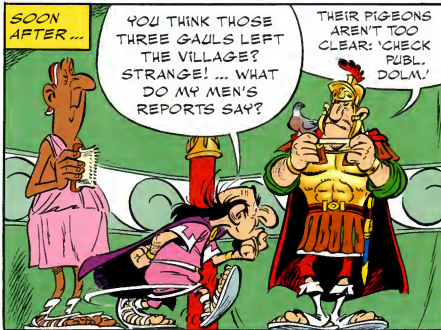
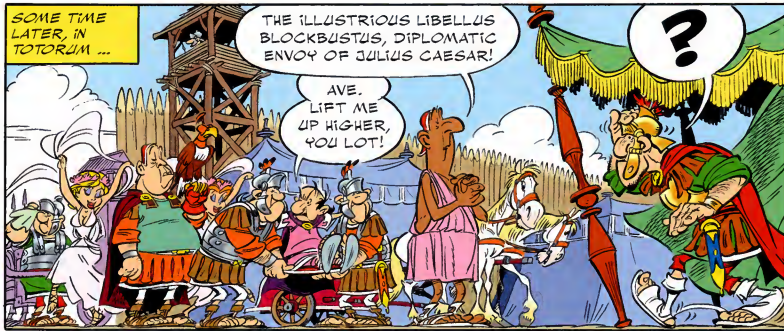


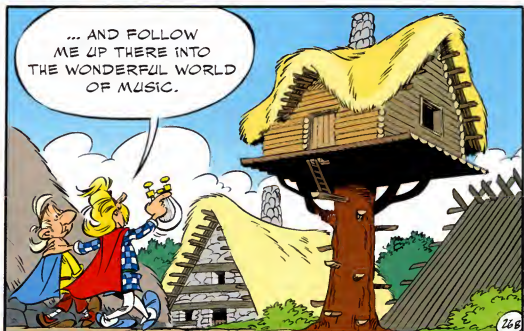
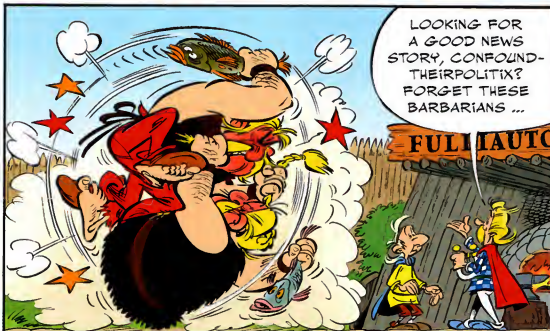
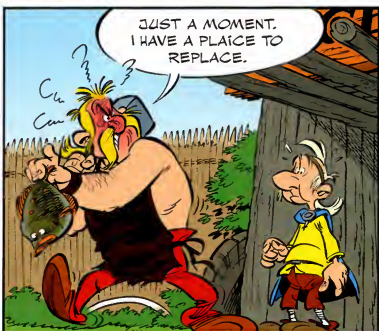
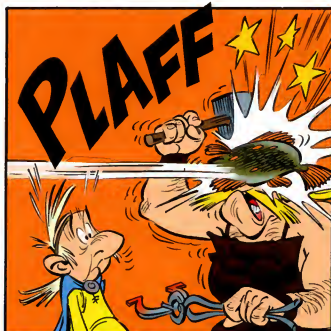
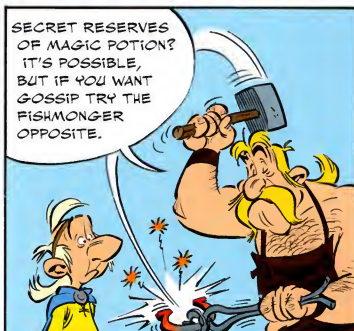
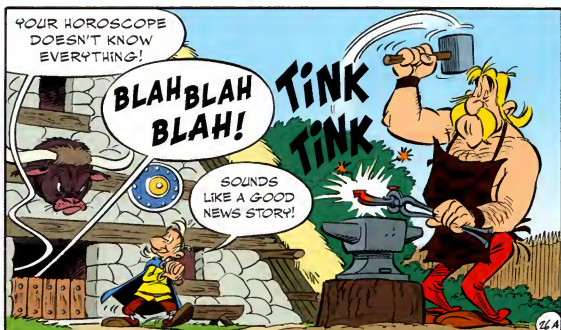
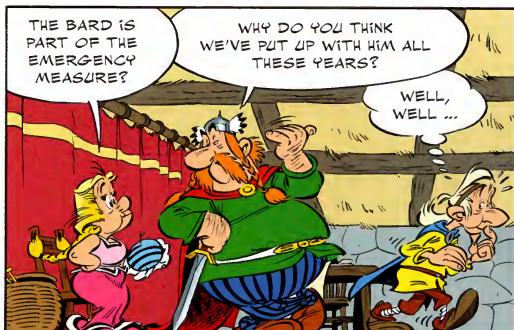
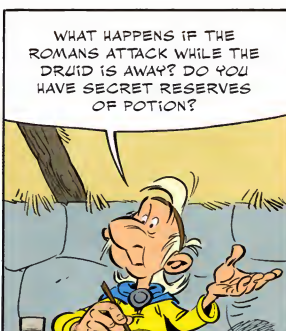
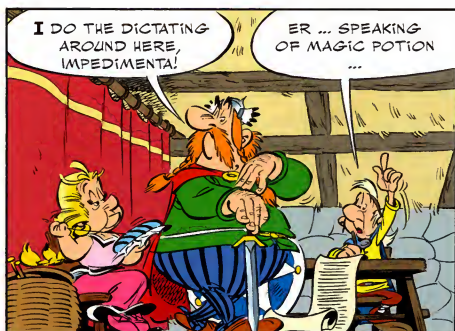




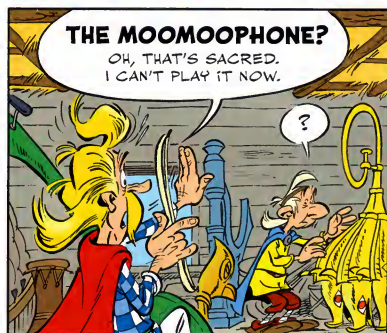


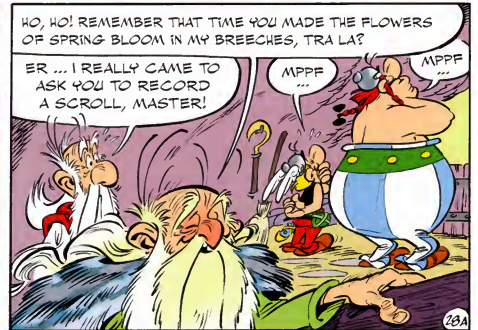
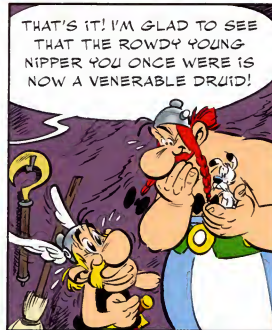
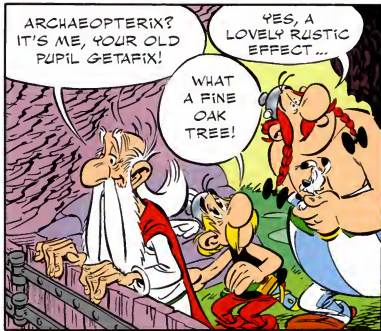


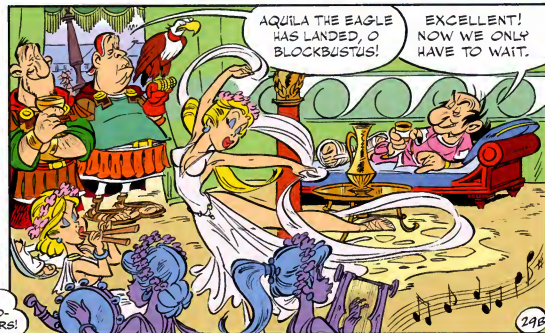


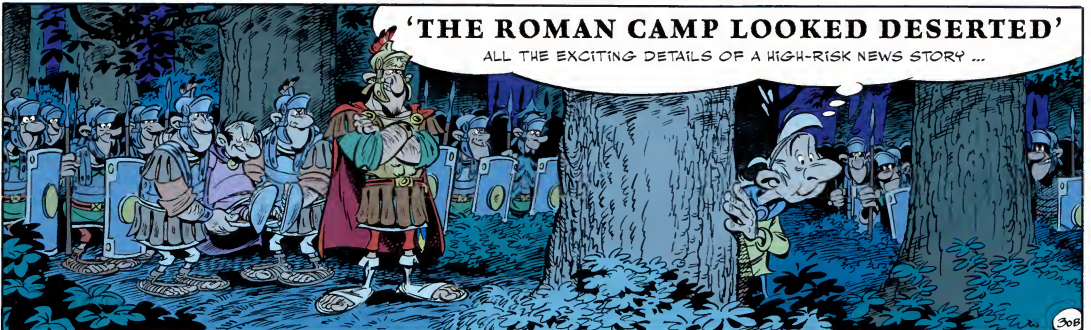
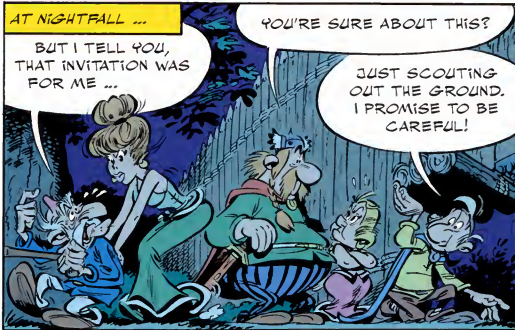
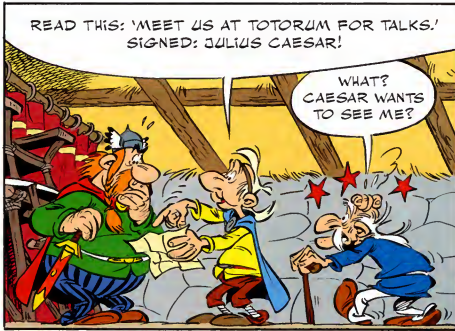


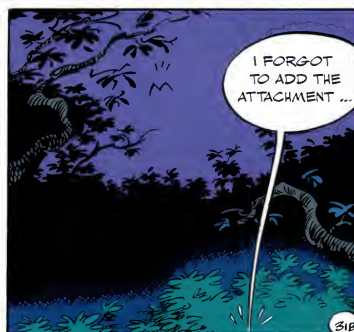
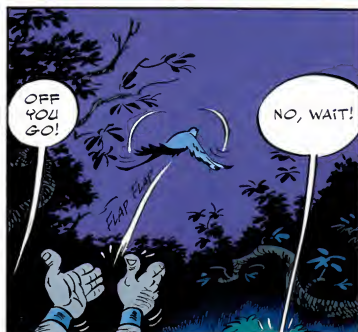
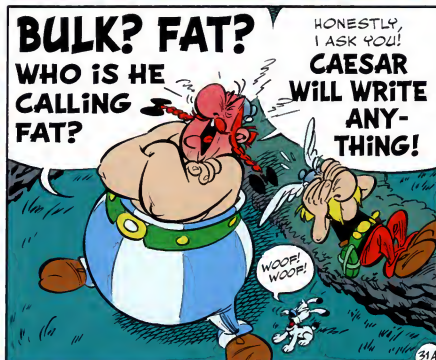
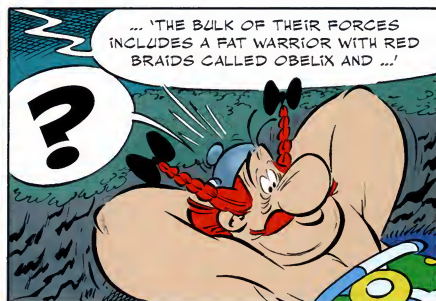
SOON
AFTERWARDS ...

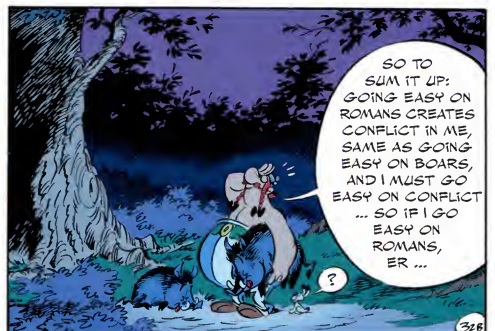
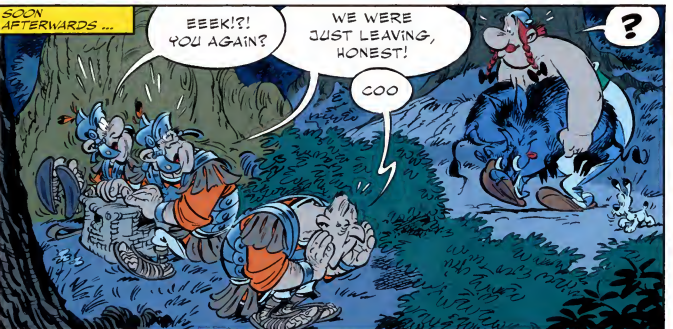
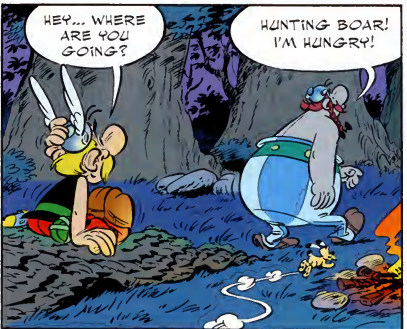
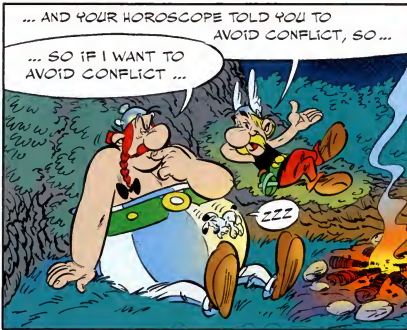
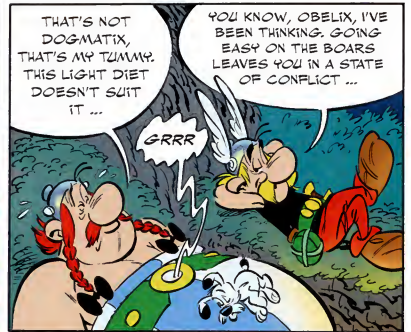
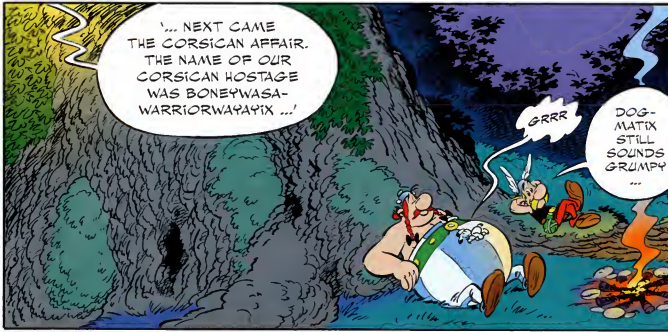


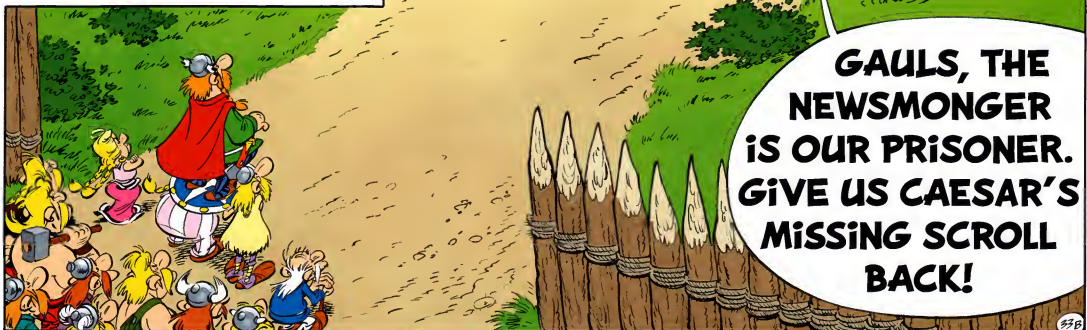
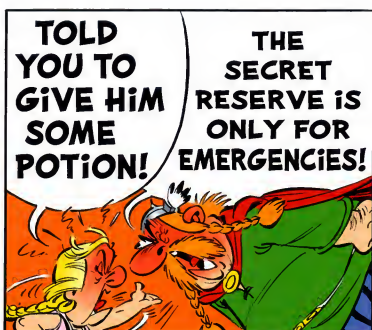


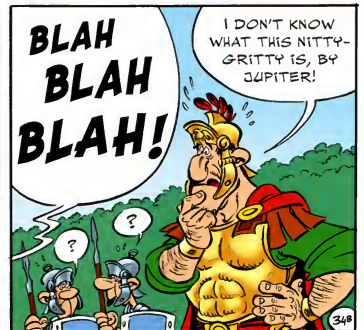
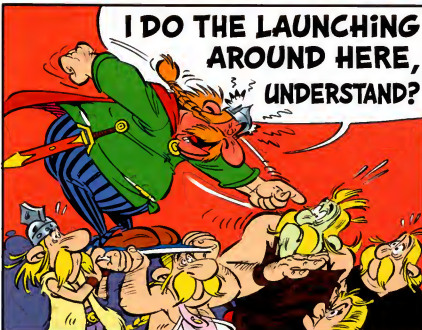
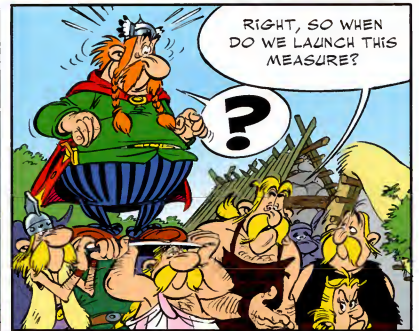
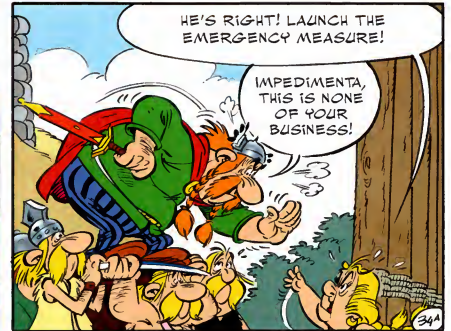
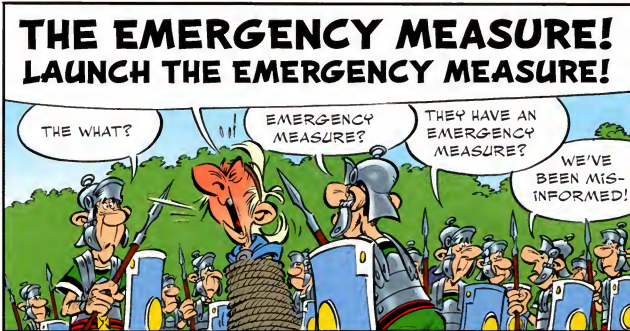
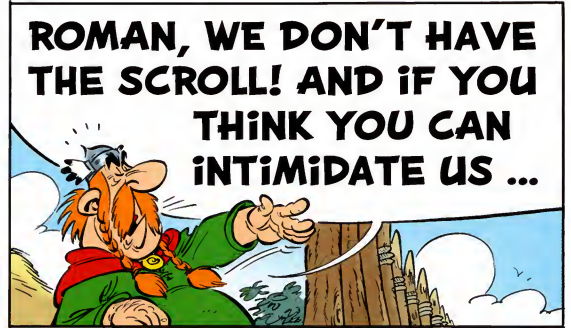
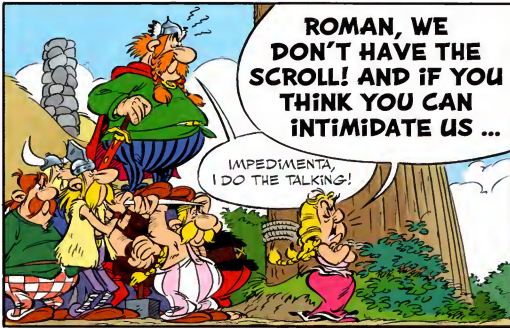


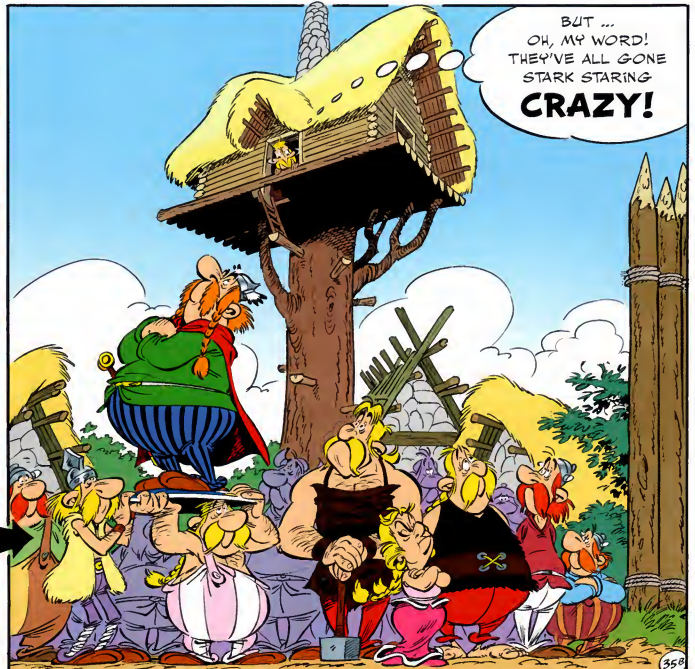
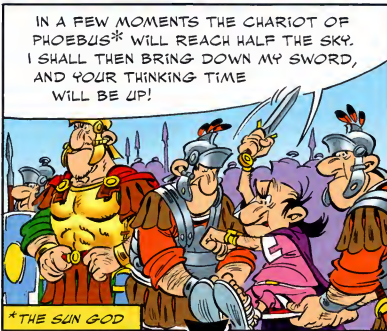
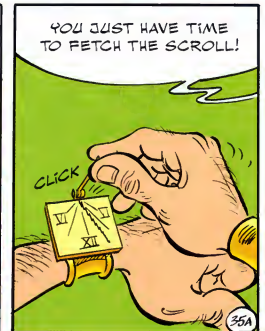
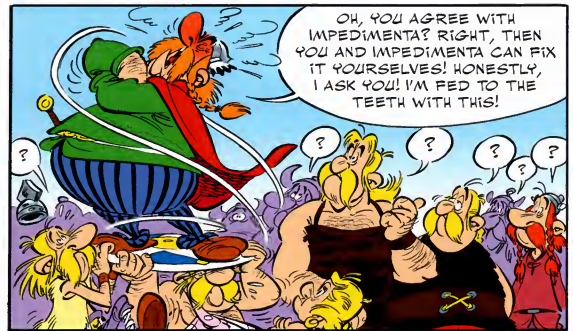


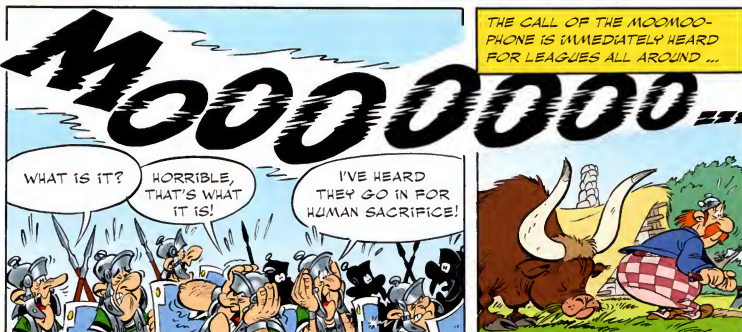
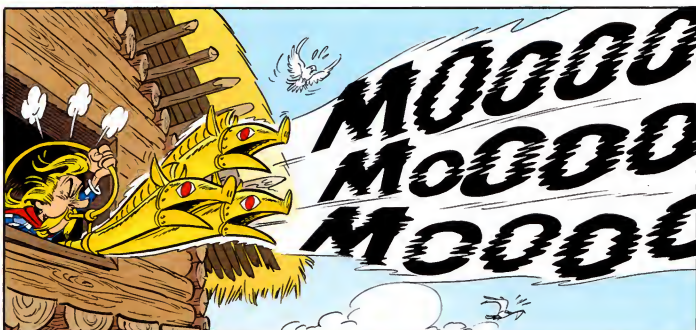
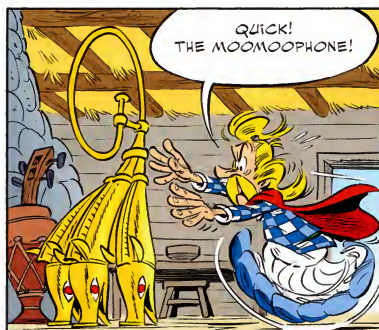






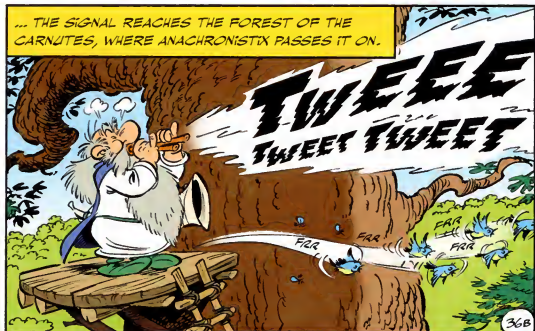
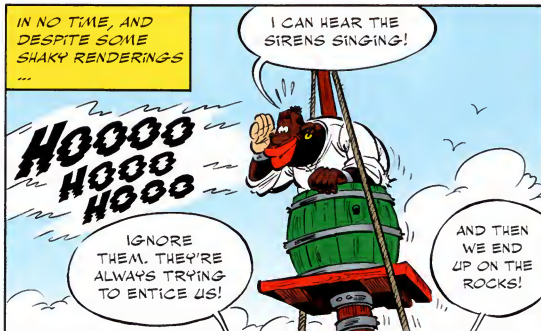
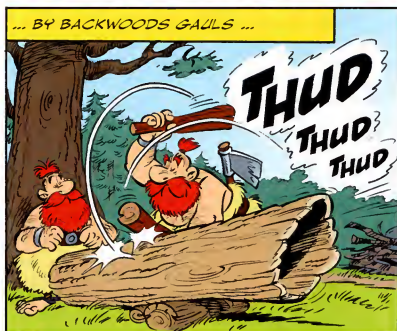
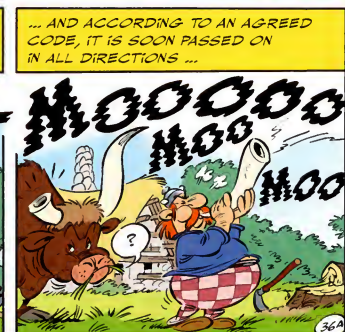


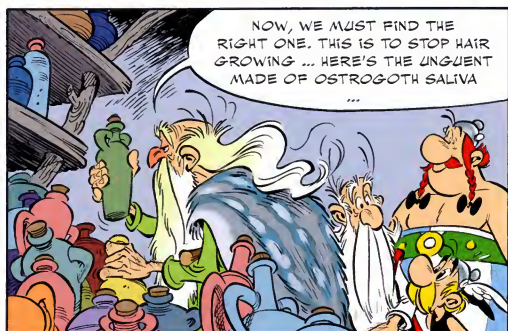
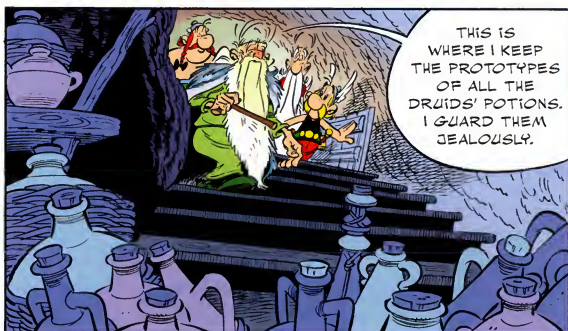
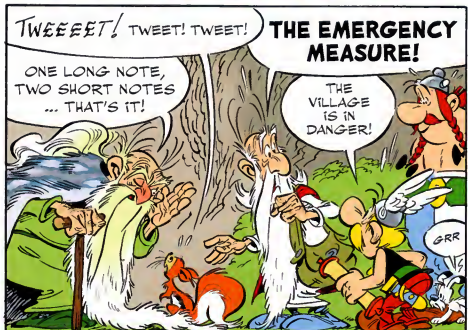
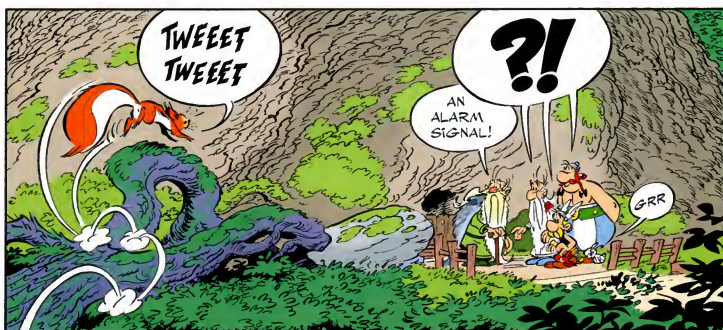


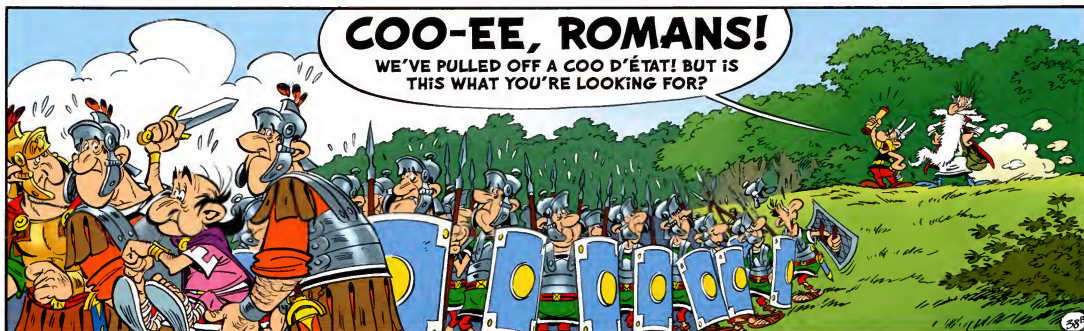
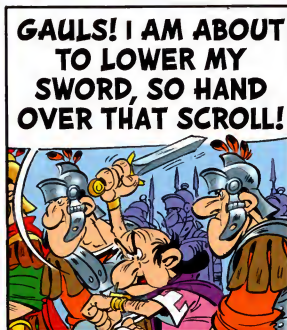
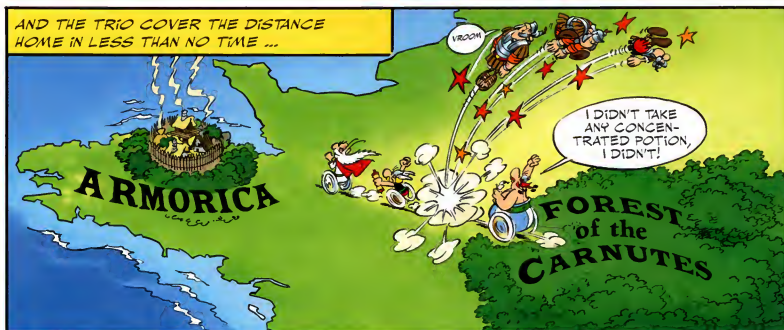
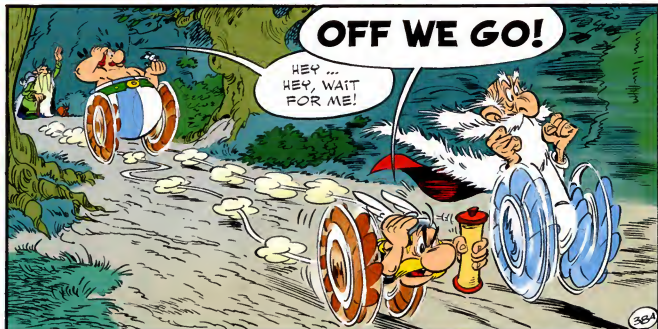
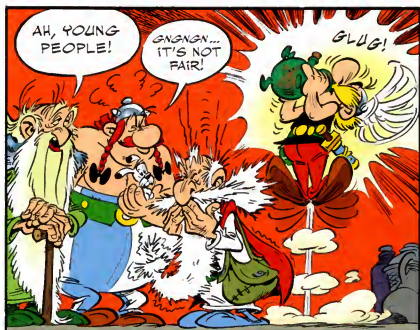
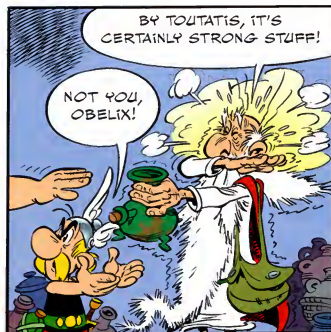


THE CALL OF THE MOOMOO-
PHONE IS IMMEDIATELY HEARD
FOR LEAGUES ALL AROUND ...

... AND ACCORDING TO AN AGREED
CODE, IT IS SOON PASSED ON
IN ALL DIRECTIONS ...







**THE SCROLL! GIVE ME THE SCROLL,
YOU IGNORANT BARBARIAN!**

YOU'RE WELCOME,
BUT FREE THE
HOSTAGE FIRST!

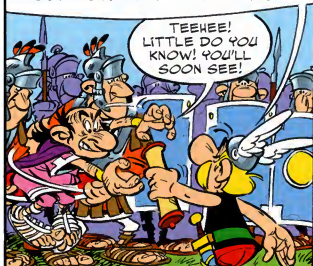


**SET THE
NEWSMONGER
FREE!**



HERE YOU ARE. AND KNOW,
ROMAN, THAT THE GAULS HAVE NO
USE FOR A BIT OF PAPYRUS!

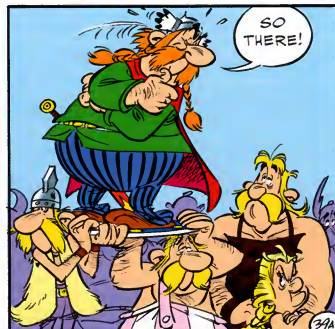
TEEHEE!
LITTLE DO YOU
KNOW! YOU'LL
SOON SEE!



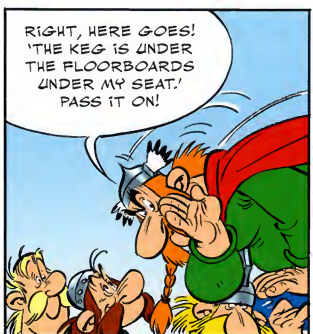
**VITALSTATISTIX! WHAT'S ALL
THIS COMMOTION WITH THE
ROMANS? WHY DON'T YOU GIVE
THE SIGNAL? AFTER ALL, YOU'RE
THE CHIEF!**



SO
THERE!



RIGHT, HERE GOES!
THE KEG IS UNDER
THE FLOORBOARDS
UNDER MY SEAT!
PASS IT ON!



AT ONCE THE FAMOUS GAULISH ORAL TRADITION COMES INTO PLAY ...

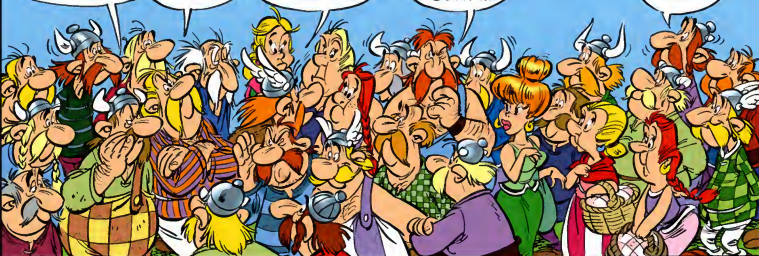
THE KEG!

WHERE?

UNDER THE
FLOOR ...

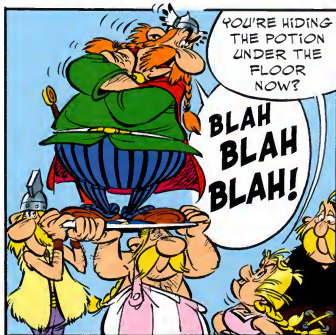
UNDER HIS
SEAT ...

THE
WHAT?



YOU'RE HIDING
THE POTION
UNDER THE
FLOOR
NOW?

**BLAH
BLAH
BLAH!**

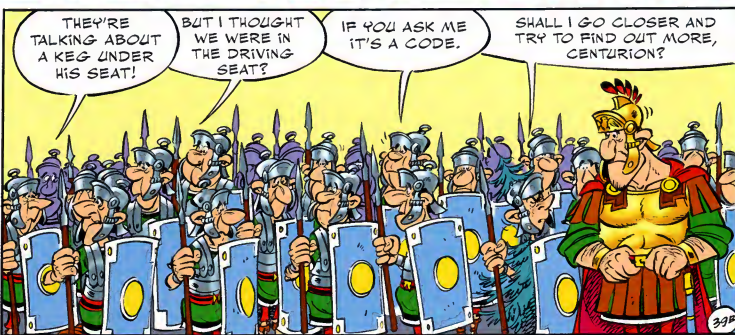


THEY'RE
TALKING ABOUT
A KEG UNDER
HIS SEAT!

BUT I THOUGHT
WE WERE IN
THE DRIVING
SEAT?

IF YOU ASK ME
IT'S A CODE.

SHALL I GO CLOSER AND
TRY TO FIND OUT MORE,
CENTURION?



**FOUND IT!
FOUND IT!**



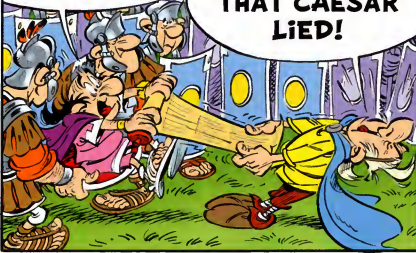
THE SITUATION WORRIES ME,
O BLOCKBUSTUS! I SUGGEST
WE SOUND THE RETREAT.



**NO WAY! GIVE ME THAT
SCROLL BACK FIRST!**

WHAT ARE YOU
DOING? ARE
YOU CRAZY?

THE WORLD
MUST KNOW
THAT CAESAR
LIED!

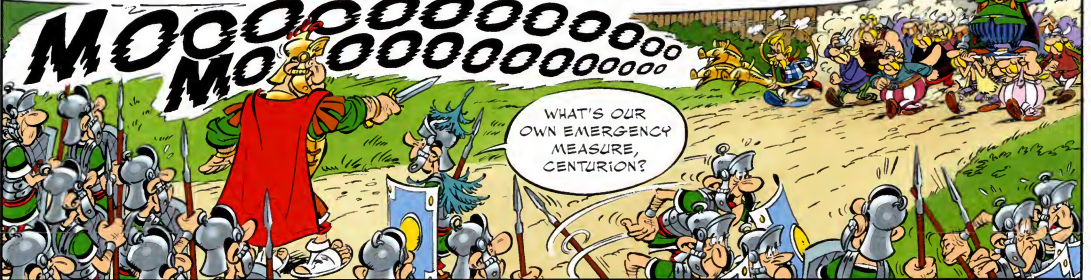


LEGIONARIES! AT MY COMMAND!

NO! KEEP OFF THE GRASS!
KEEP OFF THE GRAAASS!



ATTACK, BOYS! WE'LL TAKE THAT SCROLL BACK!



SEE THAT,
GETAFIX?
LIKE
UNBLOCKING
A DRAIN ...



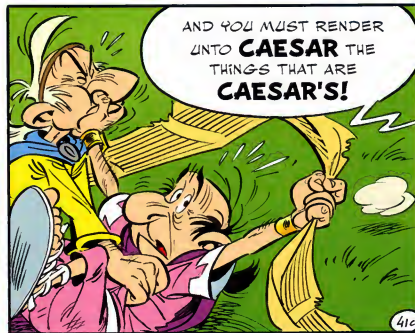
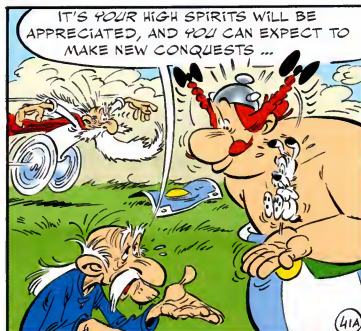
YES, THIS CONCENTRATED
POTION IS GREAT! IT'S CURED
MY BAD BACK!

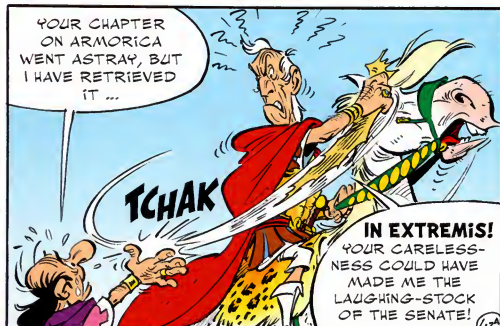
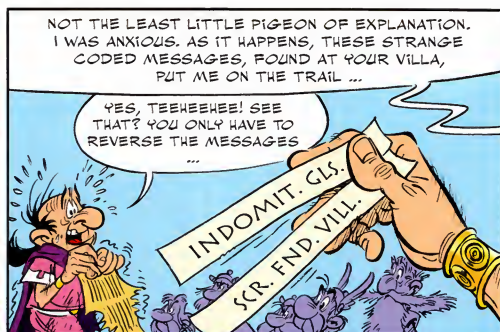
**HELP!
HELP!**

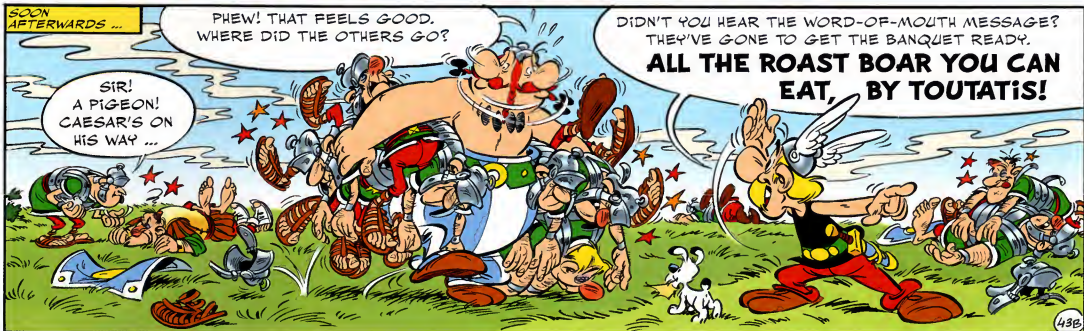
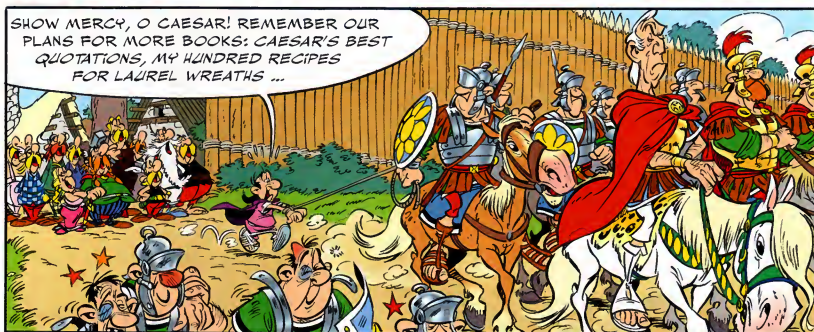
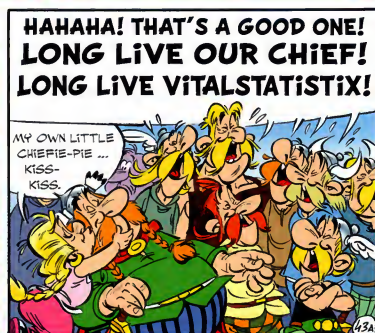
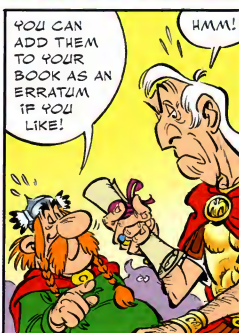
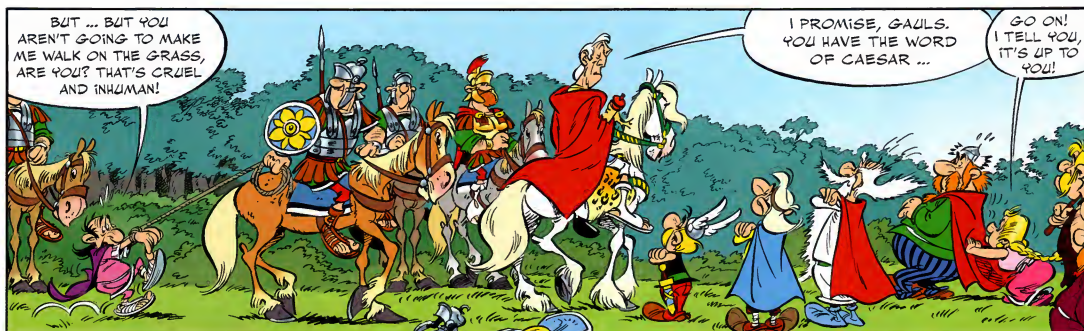


WHERE ARE THEY? WHERE ARE THEY?
THEY'RE CRAZY TO RUN SO FAST!

THE BULK OF THEIR
TROOPS! THE FAT
WARRIOR!
HELP!







AND FINALLY
LET'S HEAR
OBELIX'S
COMMENTS
ON THE
COMMENTARIES
OF CAESAR ...

CAESAR WROTE
THAT I WAS A FAT MAN
COMMANDING THE BULK OF
THE GAULS ... CHOMP, CHOMP
... WHICH JUST SHOWS
YOU CAN NEVER BELIEVE
WHAT YOU SEE
IN WRITING!

RRRRRR

GGRRR



Post-Scriptum

WAS ALL MEMORY OF THAT CHAPTER ABOUT
CAESAR'S ARMORIGAN DEFEATS LOST AS TIME
WENT BY? WE'RE NOT SO SURE!

IT IS SAID THAT ITS CONTENTS WERE
PASSED ON FROM DRUID TO DRUID BY
WORD OF MOUTH, IN THE GOOD OLD WAY ...

... AND THAT IN SPITE OF
CERTAIN DISTORTIONS ...

WAS THE DRUID'S NAME GEOGRAFIX
OR GEODESIX?



... IT REACHED THE EARS OF TWO ENTHUSIASTIC MODERN
SCRIBES WHO WROTE IT ALL DOWN IN DETAIL ...

DID YOU HEAR,
THAT, ALBERT?

FABULOUS,
RENÉ!

... AND THEN BASED A SERIES OF ENTERTAINING STORIES
ON IT ... BUT OF COURSE THAT'S ONLY HEARSAY!



FERRI + CONRAD

**THE
END**

Julius Caesar
has finished
writing the history
of his campaigns
in Gaul. His
publisher, Libellus
Blockbustus, foresees
a huge success ... but
there's a snag: the
chapter about Caesar's
defeats by the indomitable
Gauls of Armorica.
Cut it, Blockbustus advises,
and everyone will believe
that Caesar conquered
all Gaul. Or will they?
Newsmonger and activist
Confoundtheirlpolitix takes
the chapter to Asterix's
village. Can the Gauls make
sure the truth is revealed?



. UDERZO .